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THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

WOMAN'S work in the war has been made the subject of a large volume, setting forth the great and good labor which the gentler sex did at home and in the hospital, and even in the field, during the rebellion; and every person who has watched their tenderness and bravery and devotion to the cause, has felt proud of the noble record. What a ponderous volume and what a noble record would the history of the charity of woman in all ages make! The war served to organize and thus bring to notice, not to develop, the charity of woman. It caused the stream to run for a time in one great channel, not in thousands of smaller but not less purer rills, and thus it came to be more apparent to eyes that were unobservant of it in its more quiet progress.

The organized bands of charitable women which have always existed in this country and Europe have been and are numerous, but their labors have attracted little attention, for true Charity is unobtrusive, and avoids praise as well as scrutiny. Among the most diligent and useful of these organized bands are those known as "Sisters of Charity," "Sisters of Mercy," and "Sisters of the Holy Community"—each distinct in organization, though single in purpose. The Sisters have in view, besides other charities, the visitation of the sick in hospitals and homes, and of criminals in prisons, the instruction of poor girls, and the protection of women and children in distress. They have established in Europe and in this country "Houses of Mercy," or refuge, where girls of good character find shelter and assistance while out of employment.

The Sisters of Mercy are to be found daily on the streets of our principal cities engaged on errands of mercy. They appear to congregate where misery does only in the great cities, and here find their ample fields for charitable labor. The habit of the various orders is very similar, and noticeable for its simplicity. It usually consists of a black robe with long loose sleeves, and a hood of the same sombre hue, though within doors this attire is relieved by a white bonnet or veil, and sometimes by both. This costume appears to be a sort of protection; for, clothed in it, the Sisters of Mercy penetrate with safety the vilest haunts of vice in the city. It is a remarkable fact that none of them have ever met with insult or injury at the hands of the rough characters whom they are frequently compelled to encounter.

Our illustration of the Sisters of Mercy on this page represents two of the order on a visit to a condemned man. The sketch was made by Mr. BUSH in the Tombs in this city. The Sisters generally visit prisoners in pairs, and read to and pray with them. They are admitted at all times to the Tombs and other city prisons, and are generally very popular visitors with the prisoners.

THE OLD YEAR.

WITHOUT, the heavy darkness drippeth snow;
Within, the ruddy fire-shine dances;
A sombre time for this good year to go,
Rich in sweet memories and fair romances!

Wert thou not more than any friend to me,
A faithful life that coldly closes,
Grown old with the sorrows laid on thee,
Thy darkened days and all thy ruined roses!

I feel thy farewells yearn about me here,
Faint as a passing breath that lingers,
I dream of dying murmurs in my ear,
And airy touches of phantasmal fingers.

Oh, bleak, snow-bearded gales, your voices call
A requiem for the great departed,
While one by one the mournful moments fall
Like burial earth-clods to the broken-hearted!

THE NEW YEAR.

WASHINGTON IRVING missed one good point in the construction of his delightful legend of Rip Van Winkle when he failed to have his good-humored Dutch hero disappear on his target excursion of one on a New-Year's Day and return on another just twenty years after to find himself among a people whose New-Year-Day customs should be as strange to him as their faces. Our artists have remedied this defect in part, though the space of time which is supposed to have elapsed between the occurrences pictured in the two engravings on pages 12 and 13 is much greater than the twenty years during which Rip slept. One of these engravings represents the sports on New-Year's Night of the ancient Knickerbockers of a hundred years ago; the other illustrates the manner in which the same day is observed by their descendants of the present age. Disappearing a hundred years ago—or even twenty years ago—Rip would have recollected the New-Year holiday as a home festival—a fireside feast; coming back *this* New-Year's he would have found that it is looked upon as a sort of "outdoor sport." As Christmas is now preeminently the "home festival," New-Year's is the "away-from-home holiday;" on one day no one thinks of going abroad, and strangers are voted bores; on the other no man is expected to remain at home (all who do are voted bores), and strangers hold high carnival in the houses of their neighbors. Rip disappearing on a New-Year's Night a century ago would have left his Knickerbocker friends dancing by the dim light of a few tallow-candles and the flickering glare of a great wood-fire to the merry music of the fiddle and violoncello, or sitting quietly in a corner gossiping over knitting or pipes and beer. Their New-Year's Day was merely the conclusion of the Christmas-week festival, and was enjoyed in something of the quiet, domestic style in which we of to-day enjoy our Thanksgiving. Returning this New-Year's Rip would find himself invited, through wide-opened doors, into some rich interior like that which we illustrate on page 13, and urged, after warming his chilled and rheumatic bones at the great hearths where the anthracite glows, to partake of that which cheers and strengthens and inspires, and sometimes inebriates, when too freely and injudiciously taken. And under the pressing circumstances of the case—the cold without and the warm entreaty within—the most moral and temperate of Rip Van Winkles, or Van Rensselaers, or Van Twillers, or any of their descendants, would be apt to break all temperance resolves and exclaim with the inimitable Rip of JOE JEFFERSON:

"Well, dis time don't count. Here ish your health and your families' health, and may you live long and prosper!"

When this which we write shall have reached the eyes of those for whom it is intended—and who, we trust, read the *Weekly* with as much genuine pleasure as that which we enjoy in its preparation—they will have just entered on the festivities of the Christmas week, and New-Year's Day, the jolly climax of the merry holiday, will still be before them, with all its promises of enjoyment. We have already served at the annual Christmas feast, and wished our many thousands of friendly readers "A merry Christmas," and we now come on the first of our New Year calls. The customs of the day have changed, as all things change; but they have never been at any time entirely unobserved; and it will, we hope, always be customary to wish our friends, as we do now, "A happy New Year!"

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR.

CHRISTMAS returns, the genial, generous season, when the mind is involuntarily full of the loveliest figures of domestic joy and the romance of the fireside, the feast that makes winter beautiful and the old young. Our Christmas traditions are a curious blending of Christian and Pagan; but they are all humane and tender, they all repeat the first Christmas carol of peace and good will.

We do not in America, indeed, hear the Waits on Christmas-eve, but we hear the chimes; and if we do not kiss under the mistletoe, it is only the mistletoe that is wanting. As for Santa Claus, he was never so reverend and so prodigal a saint as with us. The old English Christmas, which survives in poetry, and story, and imagination, was mingled of spiritual and material. The boar's head was brought into the college hall to the chanting of hymns. The church is opened and the plum-pudding is served. Indeed, immense good cheer is the counterpart of the most exquisite religious remembrance at this season. Hospitality is the Christmas virtue. It is Christianity in practice. It is symbolically visiting the fatherless and the widow by opening wide the door, and actually, by the fat turkey, which is made to smoke on many a grateful table which would otherwise go bare.

Yet because it is the home festival it is full of sad and tender memories. Christmas makes us Swedenborgians. The lost sit with us, and walk, and play, and chasten with indescribable serenity the universal joy. This is the minor chord that perfects the melody.

"Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

With the New Year we look out again from the home window upon the world. Upon our part, of it, at least, our eyes must rest with gratitude and joy. We are not, indeed, wholly at peace again. Political passion seethes, and the embers of a dying fire that raged and wasted so long glow and linger as they expire. But we have seen the great curse disappear which no reaction can restore; nor is there any trouble now apparent which sagacity and resolution will not remove. The year opens in which the great question will be decided whether the first results of the war shall be secured in a settlement of unparalleled mildness—a settlement which inflicts no punishment, and requires only equal rights—or whether that settlement must be deferred until sharp experience has taught us that no other is practicable. But as during the war there was a man whose patient and wise moderation persisted to the end, and won the whole loyal country to his support; so in the days that follow the war there is a man of the same simplicity, sagacity, and honesty, whose equal patience and perception and moderation win for him as universal a confidence, and will give him as high an honor.

WANTED—A CANDIDATE.

THE Democratic party are entering upon the presidential campaign with the ennobling cry of "Down with the nigger!" and if General HANCOCK will contrive to subject the Union men of every complexion in Louisiana to those who still hate the government of the United States, he will be the candidate of the Democratic party. Since he has shown a disposition to undo the work of SHERIDAN, and to foster the hope that somehow the political and social power of the state of Louisiana will be exclusively confided to worthy patriots like Mayor MONROE and his police, who engineered the New Orleans massacre of 1866, the Democratic papers have begun to perceive what a brilliant soldier, what an able and modest gentleman, and what an accomplished statesman General HANCOCK is.

General HANCOCK's military career was distinguished. He did not make a name among the most illustrious of the war, and, while it is associated with many gallant services, it is not identified with any great and decisive action. He was one of many brave and meritorious officers of whom perhaps more was popularly expected than was achieved. But his military career alone, however bright it may have been, would never have commended him to the purveyors of a candidate for the Democratic party. But when the vast and universal popularity of GRANT, founded both upon admiration of his resplendent service and confidence in his practical wisdom, revealed to the Democratic managers their doom—when Lieutenant-General SHERMAN declared that time would but deepen the infamy of the rebellion, and so ceased to be a possible Democratic candidate—they were compelled to scan the whole army list to discover who could furnish a military mask for the Democratic copperhead, and, luckily finding General HANCOCK "conciliating" in New Orleans, they have grasped at him; and, as we said, if he only continues to "conciliate," General HANCOCK will be the successor of General M'CLELLAN in the favor of the framers of the Chicago platform of '64.

Those builders are logical. They then declared in Chicago that the war was a failure, and they are now trying to make it so. They acted then under the counsel of VALLANDIGHAM, and with the co-operation of CLEMENT CLAY and the rebel chiefs, and they are now united with the same persons in hostility to the steady Union element of the rebel States. They represented then the spirit of hatred of equal rights, under the plea of State rights, and they maintain now the State right to destroy the equal rights of citizens. They still hold that the war was really the work of the Northern spirit, and that the Southern States were deeply wronged. They still adhere to caste and exclusive privilege. They still deny the fundamental principle of the American Government; and upon a platform of such hostilities and denials they will ask General HANCOCK to stand, unless he should betray some sympathy with justice, and generously insist that a loyal man should not be wholly subordinated to the disaffected citizens of the late rebel States.

RAILWAY EXTENSION EASTWARD.

WHILE our famed Pacific Railroad is pushing with gigantic strides across the continent to our western confines, we should not be unmindful of the rapid progress of our railway connections eastward. If the one overshadows the other, it is simply by reason of its greater extent in miles, or the magnitude of the resources and commercial connections which it is expected to develop. The Pacific Railroad adds 1565 miles to our great western railway system, and brings California within seven days of the great commercial metropolis of the continent. The link of about 200 miles, now in progress between Bangor, Maine, and St. John, New Brunswick, will unite the New England system of railway with that of the Lower British Provinces, which consists of 500 miles of line, either already constructed or in progress. The first touches the western limit on the Pacific; the other the eastern boundary on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Both together span the continent. Both will be in operation in 1870. What an achievement then, to make an uninterrupted journey by rail from ocean to ocean!

The benefits to accrue from the construction of the Pacific Railroad have been duly weighed and considered. We wish now to direct attention to those advantages which must surely follow the completion of our Eastern connection—an enterprise which has scarcely been publicly noticed, if indeed any considerable portion of our people are even aware of its existence and progress, but which nevertheless adds to our railway system 700 miles of line—equal to nearly one-half the length of the Pacific road.

In the first place, with respect to natural products and resources, the Lower Provinces are less valuable than the Pacific region only because their area is less. In gold, Nova Scotia is equally rich with California. Veins of ore have been opened in every part of it from one extremity to the other, and the aggregate yield is small only because the mines are not worked to any great extent. In 1862 the product was but $14,500. In four years it increased to more than half a million, and during the current year reached $600,000. The average number of men employed in the diggings is only 717 per diem, and the yield of gold per man $2 30. Where the mines are properly worked they are almost invariably worked at a profit, which can not be said of our Western mines; and the product is capable of being increased to an unlimited extent. The coal deposits of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia underlie a vast extent of surface. Some of the veins are more than thirty feet thick. The ore crops out of the surface in all directions. The number of acres under license in Nova Scotia alone amounts to over two thousand square miles—an area equal to seven times the entire workable area of the anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Upward of thirty collieries are in operation, and most of them are of easy access to tide-water, which is a consideration of the greatest importance. The yield per annum is now about 700,000 tons. It might be increased indefinitely by energy and capital. The iron deposits of both Provinces are also immensely rich and of the best quality, both for the manufacture of iron and steel. The Woodstock iron commands the highest price both in England and the United States. Gypsum also exists in unfailing supply, while beds of copper, lead, and antimony are by no means rare. We can barely allude to the wealth of timber which the forests of Maine and New Brunswick afford, and which will be brought nearer to market by the railroad—to the fish, the ice, the valuable stone quarries, the oats, potatoes, cattle, and other farm produce, which swell the resources of these valuable Provinces. One fact is incontrovertible, that convenient access to a country is the necessary condition of its development; and it is only the inaccessibility of these Provinces that has retarded their material advancement hitherto. Even now the mines are worked in great part by American capital; it is easy to foresee how much more the attention of Americans will be directed thither when the railroad shall be completed.

Another important consideration: This railway must become the route for the European mails, as well as of a large portion of the passenger traffic *via* Halifax, as the saving in time, comparing railroad with steamer, would be fully thirty hours. As a military road also, its importance to the United States can not be too highly estimated, both as a means for offense and defense. Again, it will, when finished, complete an unbroken line of communication between Montreal and Halifax, three hundred miles of which will lie within United States territory. This route from Montreal is twenty-five miles shorter than the proposed intercolonial road, and passes through a richer and much more populous section; for which reasons the most sagacious citizens of the New Dominion do not hesitate to predict for the latter a miserable failure. The contest was long and fierce between the Provincial advocates of the two lines, but now that the "Western Extension" line is a finality, the prospects of its projected rival look slim indeed.

The subject in hand deserves closer consideration than can be given in a single article. However, it will be readily perceived that the railroad must necessarily help to foster such a community of interests between our neighbors and ourselves as will lead to close political ties, while as an agent of reciprocal free trade it would contribute greatly to the common prosperity.

ENGLISH FEARS AND PERILS.

THE attempt to blow up the Clerkenwell prison in London to release a Fenian prisoner is but one of a series of events which seem to have aroused a kind of lurking fear in the country remotely akin to that caused by the "Irish night" long ago. It is, however, one of the incidents which illustrate very plainly the character of the present outbreak of the Irish disaffection. Nobody can doubt that there are very earnest enthusiasts among the Irish agitators. There are honest visionaries and scholars, often bearing historic Irish names, who cherish a belief in the final emancipation of Ireland from England, which is suggestive in its romantic intensity of the devotion to these dreams of the older English Republicans.

Such men do not suppose that a liberating army is likely to march through Ireland. They do not propose to array the Irish population against the trained troops of England. Against foreign foes England is armed. The assault of such foes is a rain of blows upon a shield. But an internal, immeasurable, mysterious conspiracy, intrenched in race and religion, and every where dispersed, is a poison in the blood. It is an immediate and perennial peril. The empire becomes weakened by demoralization, and the speculative enthusiasts would look upon it as the decline of England into a lesser, even a secondary power, which would be the beginning of the end.

Such men see, too, that this movement is strong in England itself; it is not confined to Ireland. Moreover, it is not led by the priests, but seems to be strong despite them. It asserts itself, too, at a time which is remarkable in English history. A remarkable political reform has just been accomplished; a vigorous blow has been struck at class rule; and a total change of the traditional method of the British Government has been effected; in fact a democratic revolution has occurred under the auspices of the Tory party, led by a political adventurer. The most accomplished of British statesmen, the acknowledged Liberal leader, Mr. GLADSTONE—the most truly popular chief, Mr. BRIGHT—and the most brilliant of Conservative Whigs, Mr. ROBERT LOWE, have all been outstripped by Mr. DISRAELI, who is a very different kind of British Minister from WALPOLE, or CHATHAM, or PITT, or CANNING, or PEEL. Indeed, he seems not to be British at all, and yet, at the head of the most peculiarly British party, he not only carries the extraordinary reform in the suffrage, but the Ministry of which he is the master spirit refuses to resign when it is outvoted in the Commons. He merely smiles and says, "If you will not have my way, I will take yours"—a method which retains him permanently in office, and shocks every precedent of the British system.

While England is spell-bound by the brilliant audacity and Mephistophelian acuteness and adroitness of the minister, the Irish question presses more urgently than ever, and the Irish leaders of the kind of which we have spoken doubtless see in DISRAELI's prominence and power another sign of the essential national decay upon which they count. Their hope, as we said last week, is not reform, but independence. Their cry is Ireland for the Irish. Their argument is, that although conquered centuries ago, Ireland has never been subdued by England, and that in the nature of things there can be no peace until she has her own again. It is impossible to imagine England yielding to such a demand; but if she should yield it is still more impossible, if we might say so, to imagine the consequences.

Whatever, therefore, is now done—whether, as many of the English papers demand, the most rigorous treatment is shown to every troublesome Irishman, or a milder policy prevails, something must be done for Ireland. DISRAELI is meditating a plan, and JOHN BRIGHT in a late letter repeats his. In his judgment it is the land-tenure which is "the desperate malady which keeps your country in a state of chronic discontent and insurrection." He wishes, therefore, to make the Irish farmer an owner, to give him a better national sentiment, and to show him (*hic labor!*) that England is truly friendly. He would therefore have a Parliamentary Commission to buy large Irish estates of English owners and to sell them in existing farms to existing tenants, and upon easy terms. £5,000,000 to begin with would secure instant good results, and the process would go forward rapidly. In five years, he thinks, it would do much; in twenty it would change the aspect of things in Ireland.

Of course the Fenian alarm, which merely exasperates England, makes the adoption of any reasonable policy more difficult; but every nation seems unwilling to move in radical reforms until it is roughly seized and shaken.

GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER.

THE letter of General GRANT to the President upon the removal of STANTON and SHERIDAN is characteristic of the man. It shows the same supreme good sense which distinguishes GRANT as it did LINCOLN; the same sagacity and moderation, but clearness and firmness which endear him more and more to the country. In regard to Mr. STANTON the General reminds the President that the Tenure of Office Bill was intended especially to protect the Secretary of War, and concludes quietly: "The meaning of the law may be explained away by an astute lawyer, but common-sense and the views of the loyal people will give to it the effect intended by its framers." In speaking of SHERIDAN he gives him high praise in saying: "He is universally and deservedly beloved by the people who sustained this Government through its trials, and feared by those who would still be the enemies of the Government."

It seems to be impossible for any man to pretend further that he does not know what GRANT's views and sympathies are. Could he make them more clear, could he awaken profounder public confidence if he should write a letter advocating certain details of policy? On the contrary, if there be any thing which would disturb the feeling which the vast body of faithful Union men in the country entertain for General GRANT, it would be a letter from him "defining his position." Deep and permanent faith in public men at such a period as this is not founded upon what they say for a particular purpose, but is the result of the impression of their whole career.

This letter, written under a strong sense of public duty, shows that the General's opinion of the policy of reconstruction which has been adopted is that of the most intelligent men in the country. Supporting his friend SHERIDAN against the rebel pressure to which the President gladly yielded, he says that the assertion constantly made that the administration was dissatisfied with SHERIDAN "emboldened the opponents of the laws of Congress within his command to oppose him in every way in their power, and has rendered necessary measures which otherwise may never have been necessary." Those laws are to be repealed, or they are to control reconstruction. The Democratic party will go into the election clamoring for its repeal, and insulting SHERIDAN and all the "satraps" who enforced the law. The Republican party will insist that the principle of the law, namely, the equal rights of all the citizens, shall continue to inspire reconstruction. One of the two parties will succeed. There will not be a new party, and, of course, if the Republicans repeal the law they retire from the contest. Can there be any doubt, then, that General GRANT will be the Republican candidate as the representative of the Republican policy? He will be the President elected by the principle which maintained the war to its triumphal close.

THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.

THE frightful disaster upon the Lake Shore Road, closely following that in Vermont, reminds us of the constant and peculiar peril which surrounds travel in this country. At this season, when the extreme cold apparently affects the iron of the wheels and rails, a very different rate of speed should be enforced upon all roads. An accident which is horribly destructive when a train is flying at thirty or forty miles an hour is very sure to be comparatively unimportant when the speed is reasonable. But the public ought not to forget its own share of the responsibility. The carelessness of Railroad management strictly corresponds to a very general eagerness of railroad travelers. Only a day or two after the late great snow-storm in New York a train upon the Hudson River Rail-

road was proceeding toward the city at a safe rate, carefully making its way with proper regard to brittle iron; but because it was going more slowly than usual the impatience and indignation of some of the passengers were extraordinary. They seemed solely anxious to go fast, whatever would probably occur. And could their wishes have prevailed, and the train have been thrown from the track with appalling results, how many of the unreasonable passengers would not have been the first to denounce the recklessness of the managers!

There was another instance of this apparent want of common-sense at about the same time. During the wild gale of Thursday, the 12th of December, the Staten Island ferry-boat left after dark for Tompkinsville and Stapleton. One of the boats upon that side of the island had in the morning drifted before the gale, and in the bewilderment of the snow, which was like the densest fog, down the Narrows, and was floating out to sea, when a vessel was observed which the captain of the ferry-boat chanced to know lay quite below his destination, and so, turning about, recovered his course. The boat first mentioned, upon putting away from its wharf, was instantly lost in the darkness. There was no light. The passengers were nearly a thousand; and the confusion and peril were indescribable. After straining and struggling in the storm for two-thirds of the distance, the rudder was disabled. The other rudder was rigged, the boat was headed for the city, and at last succeeded in reaching it after various escapes from collision. It was a perilous voyage, and one upon which no man should have lightly ventured.

At about the same hour the boat for the north shore of the island was to leave. But knowing the chances the captain declined to depart. Nor did the most stringent entreaties and remonstrances, nor the plainest-spoken indignation, budge him one inch from his wise resolution. He sturdily refused to yield to those who necessarily knew less of the matter than he. The courage of such action is as unusual as it is remarkable; nor have we heard of any captain who was better entitled to receive an honorary service of plate than he. A man who dares not to act foolishly, acts wisely.

As the winter massacre of travelers begins, the investigation of the *Dean Richmond* disaster of last summer ends in the removal of the pilot of the *Vanderbilt* as the guilty cause of the collision. But this removal should not be allowed to be the last of the matter. It is the duty of the Grand Jury to indict a man whose criminal carelessness occasioned the death of one man, and of how many more we shall never know. We hear of nothing done in the case of the four sisters burned to death in the car in Ohio; and this last sickening and indescribable tragedy will also pass, doubtless, without serious consequences to any body except the hapless victims. We cry, "How awful!" and we all feel it. But until something is done besides exclaiming, we shall have more and more reason to exclaim.

THE LATEST COMEDY.

THE President's Message to Congress about General HANCOCK is inexpressibly comical. Few men have ever contrived to make themselves so ridiculous as the President occasionally insists upon appearing. He sends a solemn communication to state that an officer of the United States army acting under the law "announces that he will make the law the rule of his conduct." Of course he does. If he did not, he would suffer for it. And what is the law which General HANCOCK condescends to make the rule of his action? The law provides that it shall be his duty to protect all persons in their rights of person and property; and to this end he may allow local tribunals to try offenders, or at his discretion he may organize military tribunals for that purpose: "and all interference under color of State authority with the exercise of military authority under this act shall be null and void." The law further declares that no legal State government exists in Louisiana or Texas, which are in General HANCOCK'S department; and that, until Congress admits representatives from them, all civil governments which exist in them shall be deemed provisional only.

This is part of the law which General HANCOCK, according to the President, "announces that he will make the rule of his conduct." And for making this law the rule of his conduct General SHERIDAN was removed by the same President. The President's elaborate innuendoes of insult to GRANT and SHERIDAN are simply ludicrous. Under cover of the plainest truths he aims blows at the noblest, most patriotic, and most law-obeying men. The President solemnly utters the commonplace truth that "when a great soldier, with unrestricted power in his hands to oppress his fellow-men, voluntarily forgoes the chance of gratifying his selfish ambition, and devotes himself to the duty of building up the liberties and strengthening the laws of his country, he presents an example of the highest public virtue that human nature is capable of practicing." Nothing can be more obvious or true. And yet this sentence is uttered solely for the purpose of sneering at a soldier who has shown exactly the spirit of WASHINGTON. The magnanimity and moderation of WASHINGTON were certainly not more conspicuous than those of General GRANT. And those from whom the liberties and equal rights of American citizens are most in danger are not Generals GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, SHERIDAN, and the other heroes of the war, but their slanderers in civil life, from the White House to the office of BRICK POMEROY'S La Crosse *Democrat*.

The President commends General HANCOCK for asserting that "the principles of American liberty are still an inheritance of this people and ever should be." The General would seem to be contemplating the kind of Fourth of July oration that used to be heard in the old Slave States. "The principles of American liberty," as interpreted in Louisiana by JOHN SLIDELL and Mayor MONROE meant the absolute and hopeless degradation of half the population. Are those the sublime principles and practices which General HANCOCK proposes to respect and restore? Let him ask rather, what the principles of American liberty are; and he will find the very first one to be fair play for all men. That is the fundamental American principle which he is sent by the law to Louisiana to enforce and maintain; and that is the principle which he tramples under foot when he revives the practices of SLIDELL and MONROE to serve the purposes of the enemies of equal liberty.

That the President should publish so comical an insult to the Congress and army of the United States would be amazing if such an emotion remained in regard to any of his performances. And it is no less maladroit than comical as a political measure. Its object, of course, is to nominate General HANCOCK to the Democratic party as their candidate. Now the Democratic leaders are doubtless very glad to use the President as a weapon against their political opponents. But when a President elected by these opponents, and whom, three years ago, the Democrats so furiously denounced, dictates to them a Presidential candidate, it is but a more exquisite turn of the whole comedy.

TAKING POSSESSION OF EUROPE.

FROM all accounts Americans have lately been overrunning Europe in a way to surprise our foreign friends into some new sensations. A foretelling Scotchman hazards the assertion that our countrymen will succeed eventually "in improving the foreigner off the face of the continent;" while an Englishman declares that "for one Englishman nowadays traveling through Germany or Italy you may safely reckon ten Americans." Paris, we learn, is threatened with becoming an "American colony," and in Vienna "the head-waiters speak German-English with a Yankee twang." Driven from the strong-holds of ancient time, the English are intrenching themselves in Homburg and Boulogne; but even there, with misgivings many and mournful, they look wistfully into the future, and would be glad to take out an insurance policy against dislodgment.

The outsiders stand aghast at the reckless Americans—at their unconscionable freedom, their unbridled extravagance, their magical influence over servants. Wherever these western tourists go prices rise; supply and demand are limited to their service; a new fashion in political and domestic economy starts up, and the old landmarks go down under the surges of the Far West. The outcry is pretty fierce that we are making the Continent too dear for any body else.

If we are really bent on this sort of business we put in a modest plea that our countrymen try to bring home "value received" in some kind of definite shape, so as to improve our home-ideas and home-society. Just now we have a fearful dearth of new thoughts and schemes. A syncope is evidently imminent, or perchance a paralysis. Statesmen are in a Newfoundland fog, and people generally are badly addled. Europe can get into terrible trouble, and in two months, Bismarck presiding, can leap out of it into a safe standing-place. Prussia is a miracle of economy, and even other nations—such as Austria and Russia—rapidly rejuvenate after most wasting depletions. Women abroad understand how to be elegant at small expense, and to be thrifty without damaging their respectability. Some of these ideas and habits could be very wisely imported here, and that, moreover, without any interference at the custom-house. Unfortunately, however, these things cost nothing. If they could be sold at an enormous price they would be inevitably bought.

WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

THE first annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors is now open at the rooms of the National Academy, and no one who is interested in art in this country will omit to see it. The spirit with which the Society was formed last year, and the remarkably good works which were then exhibited, are the best auguries of the success of the enterprise. Some of the finest and most famous of modern paintings are in water color; and the reader of RUSKIN will remember his praises of some of TURNER'S—praises which do not seem extravagant to those who have seen the works.

A WALL STREET SCENE.

REVEREND NEWMAN HALL, writing to the *Christian Times*, thus describes his experiences in Wall Street:

Yesterday morning I saw a strange scene. I was taken to Wall Street and the Stock Exchange. I never heard such an uproar as was caused by the vociferation of the merchants and brokers buying and selling stock. Suddenly the President struck his hammer for silence, and introduced me, alluding to the part I had taken, with others, during the war. Immediately the crowd of busy traffickers uncovered, and gathered round to listen to the few words which I was thus unexpectedly called upon to address to them. I assured them that the great mass of our nation cherished the most friendly feeling to America, and expressed my hope that the two nations might ever be united in the closest alliance. At the end of my address they cheered heartily, and sang "God save the Queen!" Then the clamor recommenced, and the intense excitement in bidding for "stock" which had preceded this episode. As this, I am told, is seldom accorded except to their own distinguished generals, I regarded it as an additional proof—not, of course, of any mere personal compliment—but of the desire for friendship between the nations, and of the deep appreciation of British sympathy in their late struggle.

PINE-TREES.

FROM a remote period in the organic history of the globe, as revealed by geological explorations, the cone-bearing trees have performed important functions. The pine is a tree of remote antiquity, and, from its wide-spread distribution, carries with it the evidence of its importance in the economy of the earth's surface. By a peculiar structure the pine is able to resist tempests and storms that prostrate other trees of harder materials. Then, again, it thrives on sandy plains and elevated barrens where other vegetation could hardly be sustained; and, finally, such is the character of pine forests that they hold a controlling influence over the quantity of water in all rivers and streamlets which have their rise near them, or on whose banks they stand. When the pine forests are cut down the quantity of running water has been ascertained to have greatly diminished in volume. Rivers once known as full and active are now small and sluggish.

But its leaves are peculiar. Differing from all others in the forest, they are split into mere fibres, as it were, so that the surface exposed to the atmosphere exceeds by thousands of square inches almost all other leaves. By that truly mechanical arrangement in structure high winds, rains, hail, and snows, do them no essential injury. Strip them off and the tree would die, because it could not breathe. With such leaves as it has the pine throws off an incalculable amount of oxygen for sustaining animal life, and absorbs carbon to itself from the air, which is destructive to life. These are two very curious functions. For undefined ages before man was created, or even the warm-blooded land animals, the pines and conifera were at work gathering carbon out of the atmosphere, so that coming races could breathe it; and some idea may be formed of their unsurpassed activity when we reflect upon the coal-beds stored up in the bowels of the earth, which we are now using to advance civilization.

LITERARY.

"Mormonism: Its Origin, Rise, and Progress," etc., by P. TUCKER; D. APPLETON & Co. Mormonism has become so tremendous a fact that, whatever opinion may be entertained of it, the authentic story of its origin; of the characters of the men who were its first leaders; of the circumstances which have fostered it, indeed its whole natural history, has become a very important matter of record. The work was to be done now or never; for those who knew JOSEPH SMITH before he became a prophet and religious king to hundreds of thousands of people, and who were familiar with the beginning of his public career, are very few. Mr. POMEROY TUCKER, the author of this work, happens to be one; and in a convenient volume he has told the tale, simply and clearly, although not without very strong prejudice against Prophet JOE and the whole Church Mormon. Mr. TUCKER lived in the neighborhood of SMITH, and was personally familiar with all the incidents of finding the plates and collecting the believers. His theory is, that it was a plot between SIDNEY RIGDON, a clever but unscrupulous clergyman, and JOE SMITH; and that the Mormon Bible is the work of a Rev. Mr. SPAULDING, intended by him either as an antiquarian quiz or a burlesque, which was stolen by RIGDON, who had been a workman in the office where it was to be printed. JOE SMITH Mr. TUCKER considers as a sly knave, and BRIGHAM YOUNG his worthy successor. The work is a valuable contribution to the history of religions, and is very entertaining as well as instructive.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PIN.

THE controversy between Colonel George Ward Nichols and Mr. George L. Brown respecting the ownership of a diamond pin given by the Prince of Wales in acknowledgment of the presentation by Col. Nichols of a painting by Mr. Brown has been closed. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has testified that Mr. Brown did not present the picture, but that Colonel Nichols did; and the Prince has decided, through his secretary, that he intended the pin for the gentleman who presented the picture—that is, Colonel Nichols.

THE ITALIAN CONFERENCE.

THE failure of the Conference on Italian affairs was owing to the declarations of the French Minister of State and M. Theirs in the French *Corps Legislatif* that France would never allow Rome to be taken. M. Theirs went further, and intimated that the pride of France would not permit her to withdraw her protection from the Pope. He added that France had been compelled to withdraw her troops from Mexico to preserve peace with the United States, to allow last year a great revolution against France and all monarchical Europe to be consummated in Germany, and to-day was talking of abandoning Italy for fear of her Prussian ally.

It is interesting and gratifying to know that the influence of this country in Mexican affairs is appreciated in Mexico as well as in France. In opening Congress on December 8 President Juarez "referred in grateful terms to the sympathy, aid, and support received from the people of the United States."

THE FENIANS IN ENGLAND.

THE truly Hibernian method of rescuing prisoners by blowing them up with powder and nitro-glycerine as practiced at Milbank, Clerkenwell, and Newcastle, England, has inspired the British Cabinet with something of the same spirit; and Lord Derby has asked Parliament to suspend the *habeas corpus* in order to catch and punish the Fenians.

RECONSTRUCTION MEASURES.

SOME of the Southern elections threaten to fail in consequence of the provision requiring that one-half of the registered votes shall be cast before the constitutions of the Southern States are carried. Congress, apprehending the difficulties likely to grow out of this provision if enforced, has taken steps to remedy it. The House on December 18 passed a bill amendatory of the reconstruction acts, by which it is ordered that a majority only of votes shall be necessary to legalize an election on the adoption of a constitution. The same bill was referred by the Senate to its Judiciary Committee.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

THE English expedition to Abyssinia has landed at Massowah and made an advance toward the interior. As soon as King Theodore was apprised of the landing of the British troops he burned his capital of Debra Tabor and retreated into the mountains. In hunting for him and his darky warriors the British troops are likely to meet with something of our Indian war experience in the West.

THE PERUVIAN REBELLION SUPPRESSED.

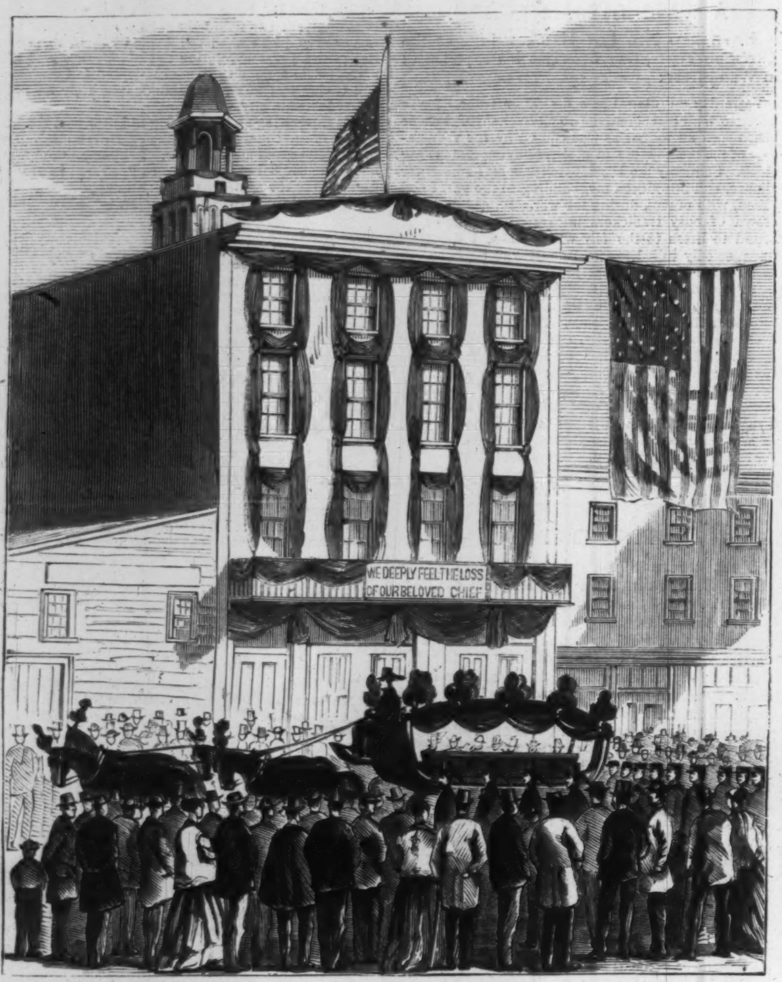
EVER since the election of Prado to the Presidency of Peru, which followed his successful repulse of the Spanish fleet at Callao, efforts have been making to depose him. The most formidable of these petty rebellions has just been suppressed by the simultaneous defeat of the rebels at Arequipa and in the north. Prado is recognized as one of the most energetic, capable, and honest men who has been at the head of the Peruvian Republic for many years, and Peru has been exceedingly prosperous under his rule.

A CHAPTER OF DISASTERS.

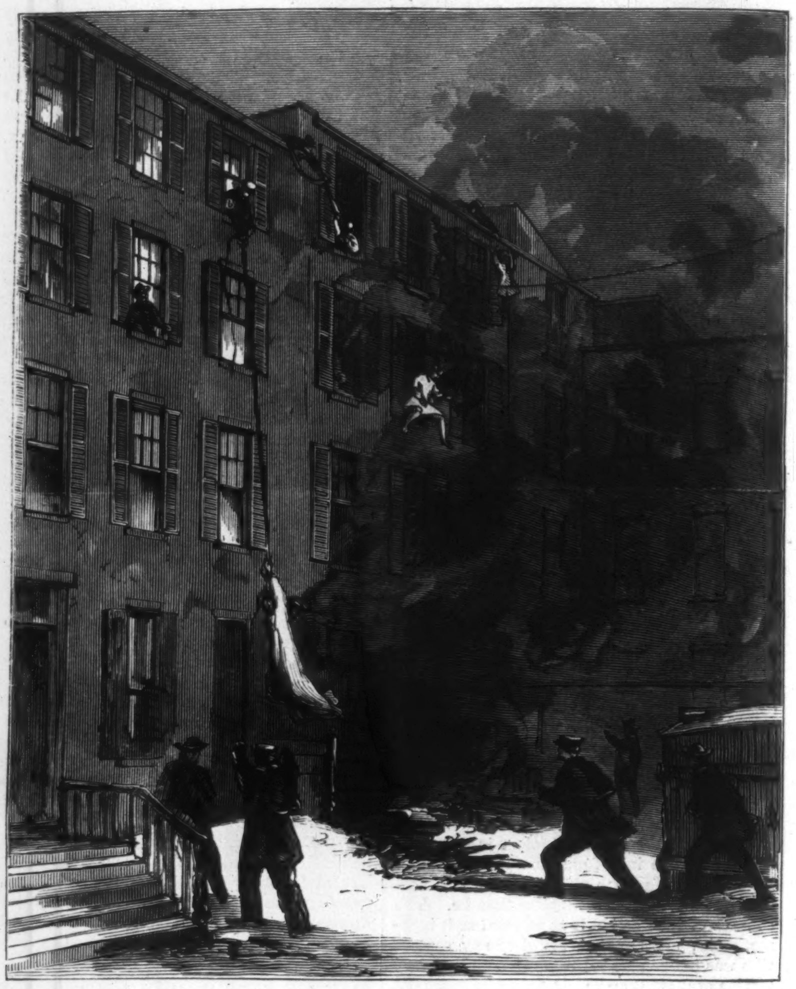
IT is a favorite theory with many newspaper editors, and more particularly with newspaper reporters, that crime, accidents, great fires, great hurricanes, and great disasters generally, come as sorrows come—"not single spies, but in battalions"—and with a very indefinite idea of what they really mean, they frequently tell us in large type and displayed head-lines of "an epidemic of crime" or of "accidents." Of late we have even been treated to dissertations on "hurricanes epidemically considered," and the writer has shown to his entire satisfaction that ever since the fashion was set in the time of NOAH, big floods have happened simultaneously in various parts of the world, as if convulsed nature were determined on another deluge in spite of the rainbow. Recalling the late frequently-recurring railroad and other disasters, one is almost forced to accept the theory of the poet, and admit that such sorrows and horrors do indeed come in battalions.

We are compelled in our capacity as a chronicler of news to illustrate in this issue of the *Weekly*—our first Number for the New Year—a complete chapter of disaster; and it is rendered still more melancholy from the fact that it is a continuation of similar chapters in the volume just completed. Following hard upon the heels of the late fearful railroad tragedy in Ohio, in which four sisters were burned to death, we have now to record the terrible railroad accidents near Northfield, Vermont, and near Angola, New York, and the tenement-house fire in Second Avenue, New York. By these several disasters, happening within a few days of each other, seventy-five souls were hurried into eternity, and nearly as many persons maimed and otherwise injured for life!

The accident near Northfield, Vermont, on the Vermont Central Railroad on December 11, 1867, was the most destructive to life of any disaster which has ever occurred in the "Green Mountain State" since railroads were established. It occurred at what is known as the Harlow Bridge—a structure which spans a chasm some three hundred feet in width. Its abutments were sixty feet in height, and its middle pier about seventy-five feet. This bridge was burned on December 8, and a heavy force of laborers had been employed in erecting trestle-work for temporary use. About a hundred of these men, having dined at Northfield, were returning to their labors on December 11 when the terrible calamity occurred. They were in a passenger car, and were being backed up to the works. By some unaccountable hallucination the engineer proceeded at an unusual rate of speed—sometimes running it as high as thirty miles an hour. He was reminded of his strange mistake by his fireman, but not till too late to avert the terrible consequences. The car, with its freight of some ninety men, was precipitated down a perpendicular distance of sixty feet. The tender broke from the engine and instantly followed. The scene was a fearful one. Fifteen dead men, with more than as many others suffering from wounds more or less severe, lay in one heap, seven of whom were under the tender. Of those who escaped some were saved by leaping from



FUNERAL OF CHIEF-ENGINEER LYLE OF PHILADELPHIA.—[SKETCHED BY FRANK S. TAFT.]



TENEMENT-HOUSE FIRE IN SECOND AVENUE, N. Y.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

the car windows after they had perceived their danger.

Our principal illustration on this page represents the scene of the disaster, and is from a photograph taken shortly after the accident.

The details of the still more horrible accident on the Lake Shore Railroad at Angola, New York, on December 18, represents that fifty persons were burned to death, and that as many more were wounded. The accident occurred at Big Sisters Bridge. The train was thrown from the track by the breaking of a car wheel; and the rear passenger car, in which were fifty-two passengers, went over an embankment twenty feet high. In the descent the car was shattered to pieces, and doubtless most of the passengers disabled. The stove which heated the car was overturned, and the car at once took fire from the coals thus scattered. Only two of the passengers escaped uninjured; the rest were burned to death, and all that was left of them when the fire was finally extinguished was a mass of blackened, and charred, and unrecognizable remains.

The fire in Second Avenue, New York, on December 16, furnishes the subject of another illustration on this page. The building—a four-story and basement tenement-house—was occupied by seven families, comprising about thirty persons. The fire originated in the basement, and was very far advanced when discovered—so far, indeed, that all natural escape from the second, third, and fourth floors was cut off.

When the firemen and police arrived they found the narrow stairways filled with a dense volume of smoke, which was preventing the alarmed inmates of the upper floors making good their escape. A scene of the wildest terror and utter confusion then ensued among the unfortunate people up stairs, and their shrieks and cries were sufficient to appall the stoutest heart.

By the aid of the firemen most of those in danger were rescued, more or less bruised; but seven bodies were taken out with life extinct, and as many more were fatally injured.

FUNERAL OF CHIEF-ENGINEER LYLE.

WE illustrate on this page the late imposing funeral at Philadelphia of DAVID M. LYLE, Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia Fire Department. There were sixty-nine fire companies represented, including several from other cities. The procession moved in six divisions, with several brass-bands which discoursed mournful music while the remains were being conveyed to the grave. The rear of the procession was brought up by thirty-five carriages, containing the Mayor, city Councils, heads of Departments, and invited guests.

RAILROAD DISASTER NEAR NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. M. M'INTOSH.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

Prologue.

THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM (1799):

(Extracted from a Family Paper).

I.

I ADDRESS these lines—written in India—to my relatives in England.

My object is to explain the motive which has induced me to refuse the right hand of friendship to my cousin, John Herncastle. The reserve which I have hitherto maintained in this matter has been misinterpreted by members of my family whose good opinion I can not consent to forfeit. I request them to suspend their decision until they have read my narrative. And I declare, on my word of honor, that what I am now about to write is, strictly and literally, the truth.

The private difference between my cousin and me took its rise in a great public event in which we were both concerned—the storming of Seringapatam, under General Baird, on the 4th of May, 1799.

In order that the circumstances may be clearly understood, I must revert for a moment to the period before the assault, and to the stories current in our camp of the treasure in jewels and gold stored up in the Palace of Seringapatam.

II.

One of the wildest of these stories related to a Yellow Diamond—a famous gem in the native annals of India.

The earliest known traditions describe the stone as having been set in the forehead of the four-handed Indian god who typifies the Moon. Partly from its peculiar color, partly from a superstition which represented it as partaking of the nature of the deity whom it adorned, and growing and lessening in lustre with the waxing and waning of the moon, it first gained the name by which it continues to be known in India to this day—the name of THE MOONSTONE. A similar superstition was once prevalent, as I have heard, in ancient Greece and Rome; not applying, however (as in India), to a diamond devoted to the service of a god, but to a semi-transparent stone of the inferior order of gems, supposed to be affected by the lunar influences—the moon, in this latter case also, giving the name by which the stone is still known to collectors in our own time.

The adventures of the Yellow Diamond begin with the eleventh century of the Christian era.

At that date the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni crossed India; seized on the holy city of Somnauth; and stripped of its treasures the famous temple which had stood for centuries—the shrine of Hindoo pilgrimage, and the wonder of the eastern world.

Of all the deities worshiped in the temple, the moon-god alone escaped the rapacity of the conquering Mohammedans. Preserved by three Brahmins, the inviolate deity, bearing the Yellow Diamond in its forehead, was removed by night, and was transported to the second of the sacred cities of India—the city of Benares.

Here, in a new shrine—in a hall inlaid with precious stones, under a roof supported by pillars of gold—the moon-god was set up and worshiped. Here, on the night when the shrine was completed, Vishnu the Preserver appeared to the three Brahmins in a dream.

The deity breathed the breath of his divinity on the Diamond in the forehead of the god. And the Brahmins knelt and hid their faces in their robes. The deity commanded that the Moonstone should be watched, from that time forth, by three priests in turn, night and day, to the end of the generations of men. And the Brahmins heard and bowed before his will. The deity predicted certain disaster to the presumptuous mortal who laid hands on the sacred gem, and to all of his house and name who received it after him. And the Brahmins caused the prophecy to be written over the gates of the shrine in letters of gold.

One age followed another—and still, generation after generation, the successors of the three Brahmins watched their priceless Moonstone, night and day. One age followed another, until the first years of the eighteenth Christian century saw the reign of Aurungzebe, Emperor of the Moguls. At his command havoc and rapine were let loose once more among the temples of the worship of Brahmah. The shrine of the four-handed god was polluted by the slaughter of sacred animals; the images of the deities were broken in pieces; and the Moonstone was seized by an officer of rank in the army of Aurungzebe.

Powerless to recover their lost treasure by open force, the three guardian priests followed and watched it in disguise. The generations succeeded each other; the warrior who had committed the sacrilege perished miserably; the Moonstone passed (carrying its curse with it) from one lawless Mohammedan hand to another; and still, through all chances and changes, the successors of the three guardian priests kept their watch, waiting the day when the will of Vishnu the Preserver should restore to them their sacred gem. Time rolled on from the first to the last years of the eighteenth Christian century. The Diamond fell into the possession of Tippoo, Sultan of Seringapatam, who caused it to be placed as an ornament in the handle of a dagger, and who commanded it to be kept among the choicest treasures of his armory. Even then—in the palace of the Sultan himself—the three guardian priests still watched in secret. There were three officers of Tippoo's household, strangers to the rest, who had won their master's confidence by conforming, or appearing to conform, to the Mussulman faith; and to those three men report pointed as the three priests in disguise.

III.

So, as told in our camp, ran the fanciful story of the Moonstone. It made no serious impression on any of us except my cousin—whose love of the marvelous induced him to believe it. On the night before the assault on Seringapatam he was absurdly angry with me, and with others, for treating the whole thing as a fable. A foolish wrangle followed; and Herncastle's unlucky temper got the better of him. He declared, in his boastful way, that we should see the Diamond on his finger if the English army took Seringapatam. The sally was saluted by a roar of laughter, and there, as we all thought that night, the thing ended.

Let me now take you on to the day of the assault.

My cousin and I were separated at the outset. I never saw him when we forded the river; when we planted the English flag in the first breach; when we crossed the ditch beyond; and, fighting every inch of our way, entered the town. It was only at dusk, when the place was ours, and after General Baird himself had found the dead body of Tippoo under a heap of the slain, that Herncastle and I met.

We were each attached to a party sent out by the general's orders to prevent the plunder and confusion which followed our conquest. The camp-followers committed deplorable excesses; and, worse still, the soldiers found their way, by an unguarded door, into the treasury of the Palace, and loaded themselves with gold and jewels. It was in the court outside the treasury that my cousin and I met to enforce the laws of discipline on our own soldiers. Herncastle's fiery temper had been, as I could plainly see, exasperated to a kind of frenzy by the terrible slaughter through which we had passed. He was very unfit, in my opinion, to perform the duty that had been intrusted to him.

There was riot and confusion enough in the treasury, but no violence that I saw. The men (if I may use such an expression) disgraced themselves good-humoredly. All sorts of rough jests and catch-words were bandied about among them; and the story of the Diamond turned up again unexpectedly, in the form of a mischievous joke. "Who's got the Moonstone?" was the rallying cry which perpetually caused the plundering as soon as it was stopped in one place to break out in another. While I was still vainly trying to establish order I heard a frightful yelling on the other side of the court-yard, and at once ran toward the cries, in dread of finding some new outbreak of the pillage in that direction.

I got to an open door, and saw the bodies of two Indians (by their dress, as I guessed, officers of the palace) lying across the entrance, dead.

A cry inside hurried me into a room, which appeared to serve as an armory. A third Indian, mortally wounded, was sinking at the feet of a man whose back was toward me. The man turned at the instant when I came in, and I saw John Herncastle, with a torch in one hand and a dagger dripping with blood in the other. A stone, set like a pommel, in the end of the dagger's handle, flashed in the torch-light, as he turned on me, like a gleam of fire. The dying Indian sank to his knees, pointed to the dagger in Herncastle's hand, and said, in his native language: "The Moonstone will have its vengeance yet on you and yours!" He spoke those words, and fell dead on the floor.

Before I could stir in the matter the men who had followed me across the court-yard crowded in. My cousin rushed to meet them, like a madman. "Clear the room!" he shouted to me, "and set a guard on the door!" The men fell back as he threw himself on them with his torch and his dagger. I put two sentinels of my own company, on whom I could rely, to keep the door. Through the remainder of the night I saw no more of my cousin.

Early in the morning, the plunder still going on, General Baird announced publicly by beat of drum that any thief detected in the fact, be he whom he might, should be hung. The provost-marshal was in attendance to prove that the general was in earnest; and in the throng that followed the proclamation Herncastle and I met again.

He held out his hand as usual, and said, "Good-morning."

I waited before I gave him my hand in return.

"Tell me first," I said, "how the Indian in the armory met his death, and what those last words meant when he pointed to the dagger in your hand."

"The Indian met his death, as I suppose, by a mortal wound," said Herncastle. "What his last words meant I know no more than you do."

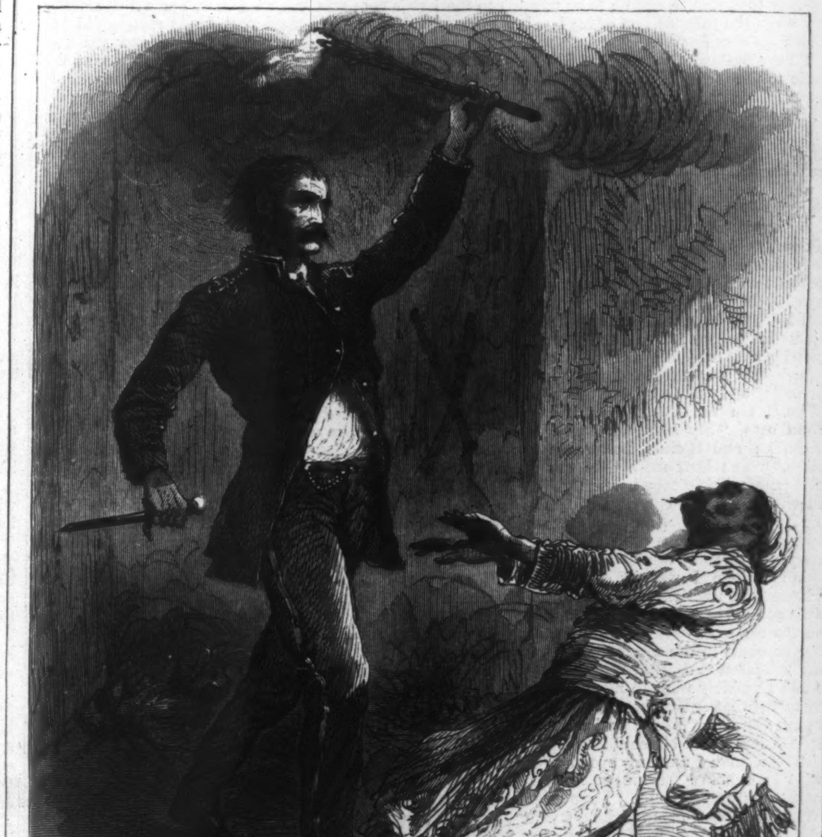
I looked at him narrowly. His frenzy of the previous day had all calmed down. I determined to give him another chance.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" I asked.

He answered, "That is all."

I turned my back on him; and we have not spoken since.

"THE BOY BECAME QUITE STIFF, AND STOOD LIKE A STATUE, LOOKING INTO THE INK IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND."



"THE MOONSTONE WILL HAVE ITS VENGEANCE YET ON YOU AND YOURS!"

IV.

I beg it to be understood that what I write here about my cousin (unless some necessity should arise for making it public) is for the information of the family only. Herncastle has said nothing that can justify me in speaking to our commanding officer. He has been taunted more than once about the Diamond, by those who recollect his angry outbreak before the assault; but, as may easily be imagined, his own remembrance of the circumstances under which I surprised him in the armory has been enough to keep him silent. It is reported that he means to exchange into another regiment, avowedly for the purpose of separating himself from *me*.

Whether this be true or not, I can not prevail upon myself to become his accuser—and I think with good reason. If I made the matter public, I have no evidence but moral evidence to bring forward. I have not only no proof that he killed the two men at the door; I can not even declare that he killed the third man inside—for I can not say that my own eyes saw the deed committed. It is true that I heard the dying Indian's words; but if those words were pronounced to be the ravings of delirium, how could I contradict the assertion from my own knowledge? Let our relatives, on either side, form their own opinion on what I have written, and decide for themselves whether the aversion I now feel toward this man is well or ill founded.

Although I attach no sort of credit to the fantastic Indian legend of the gem, I must acknowledge, before I conclude, that I am influenced by a certain superstition of my own in this matter. It is my conviction, or my delusion, no matter which, that crime brings its own fatality with it. I am not only persuaded of Herncastle's guilt; I am even fanciful enough to believe that he will live to regret it, if he keeps the Diamond; and that others will live to regret taking it from him, if he gives the Diamond away.

The Story

FIRST PERIOD. THE LOSS OF THE DIAMOND (1848).

The Events related by Gabriel Betteredge, house-steward in the service of Julia, Lady Verinder.

CHAPTER I.

IN the first part of Robinson Crusoe, at page one hundred and twenty-nine, you will find it thus written:

"Now I saw, though too late, the Folly of beginning a Work before we count the Cost, and before we judge rightly of our own Strength to go through with it."

Only yesterday I opened my Robinson Crusoe at that place. Only this morning (May twenty-first, eighteen hundred and fifty) came my lady's nephew, Mr. Franklin Blake, and held a short conversation with me, as follows:

"Betteredge," says Mr. Franklin, "I have been to the lawyer's about some family matters; and, among other things, we have been talking of the loss of the Indian Diamond, in my aunt's house in Yorkshire, two years since. The lawyer thinks, as I think, that the whole story ought, in the interests of truth, to be placed on record in writing—and the sooner the better."

Not perceiving his drift yet, and thinking it always desirable for the sake of peace and quietness to be on the lawyer's side, I said I thought so too. Mr. Franklin went on:

"In this matter of the Diamond," he said, "the characters of innocent people have suffered under suspicion already—as you know. The memories of innocent people may suffer, hereafter, for want of a record of the facts to which those who come after us can appeal. There can be no doubt that this strange family story of ours ought to be told. And I think, Betteredge, the lawyer and I together have hit on the right way of telling it."

Very satisfactory to both of them, no doubt. But I failed to see what I myself had to do with it, so far.

"We have certain events to relate," Mr. Franklin proceeded; "and we have certain persons concerned in those events who are capable of relating them. Starting from these plain facts, the lawyer's idea is that we should all write the story of the Moonstone in turn—as far as our own personal experience extends, and no farther. We must begin by showing how the Diamond first fell into the hands of my uncle Herncastle, when he was serving in India fifty years since. This prefatory narrative I have already got by me in the form of an old family paper, which relates the necessary particulars on the authority of an eye-witness. The next thing to do is to tell how the Diamond found its way into my aunt's house in Yorkshire, two years since, and how it came to be lost in little more than twelve hours afterward. Nobody knows as much as you do, Betteredge, about what went on in the house at that time. So you must take the pen in hand, and start the story."

In those terms I was informed of what my personal concern was with the matter of the Diamond. If you are curious to know what course I took under the circumstances, I beg to inform you that I did what you would probably have done in my place. I modestly declared myself to be quite unequal to the task imposed upon me—and I privately felt, all the time, that I was quite clever enough to perform it, if I only gave my own abilities a fair chance. Mr. Franklin, I imagine, must have seen my private sentiments in my face. He declined to believe in my modesty; and he insisted on giving my abilities a fair chance.

Two hours have passed since Mr. Franklin left me. As soon as his back was turned I went to my writing-desk to start the story. There I have sat helpless (in spite of my abilities) ever since; seeing what Robinson Crusoe saw, as quoted above—namely, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it. Please to remember, I opened the book by accident, at that bit, only the day before I rashly undertook the business now in hand; and, allow me to ask—if *that* isn't prophecy, what is?

I am not superstitious; I have read a heap of books in my time; I am a scholar in my own way. Though turned seventy, I possess an active memory, and legs to correspond. You are not to take it, if you please, as the saying of an ignorant man, when I express my opinion that such a book as Robinson Crusoe never was written, and never will be written again. I have tried that book for years—generally in combination with a pipe of tobacco—and I have found it my friend in need in all the necessities of this mortal life. When my spirits are bad—Robinson Crusoe. When I want advice—Robinson Crusoe. In past times, when my wife plagued me; in present times, when I have had a drop too much—Robinson Crusoe. I have worn out six stout Robinson Crusoes with hard work in my service. On my lady's last birthday she gave me a seventh. I took a drop too much on the strength of it; and Robinson Crusoe put me right again. Price four shillings and sixpence, bound in blue, with a picture into the bargain.

Still, this don't look much like starting the story of the Diamond—does it? I seem to be wandering off in search of Lord knows what, Lord knows where. We will take a new sheet of paper, if you please, and begin over again, with my best respects to you.

CHAPTER II.

I SPOKE of my lady a line or two back. Now the Diamond could never have been in our house, where it was lost, if it had not been made a present of to my lady's daughter; and my lady's daughter would never have been in existence to have the present, if it had not been for my lady who (with pain and travail) produced her into the world. Consequently, if we begin with my lady, we are pretty sure of beginning far enough back. And that, let me tell you, when you have got such a job as mine on hand, is a real comfort at starting.

If you know any thing of the fashionable world you have heard tell of the three beautiful Miss Herncastles. Miss Adelaide, Miss Caroline, and Miss Julia—this last being the youngest and the best of the three sisters, in my opinion; and I had opportunities of judging, as you shall presently see. I went into the service of the old lord, their father (thank God, we have got nothing to do with *him* in this business of the Diamond; he had the longest tongue and the shortest temper of any man, high or low, I ever met with)—I say, I went into the service of the old lord, as page-boy in waiting on the three honorable young ladies, at the age of fifteen years. There I lived till Miss Julia married the late Sir John Verinder. An excellent man, who only wanted somebody to manage him; and, between ourselves, he found somebody to do it; and what is more, he throve on it, and grew fat on it, and lived happy and died easy on it, dating from the day when my lady took him to church to be married to the day when she relieved him of his last breath and closed his eyes forever.

I have omitted to state that I went with the bride to the bride's husband's house and lands down here. "Sir John," she said, "I can't do without Gabriel Betteredge." "My lady," says Sir John, "I can't do without him, either." That was his way with her—and that was how I went into his service. It was all one to me where I went, so long as my mistress and I were together.

Seeing that my lady took an interest in the out-of-door work, and the farms, and such like, I took an interest in them too—with all the more reason that I was a small farmer's seventh son myself. My lady got me put under the bailiff, and I did my best, and gave satisfaction, and got promotion accordingly. Some years later, on the Monday as it might be, my lady says, "Sir John, your bailiff is a stupid old man. Pension him liberally, and let Gabriel Betteredge have his place." On the Tuesday as it might be, Sir John says, "My lady, the bailiff is pensioned liberally; and Gabriel Betteredge has got his place." You hear more than enough of married people living together miserably. Here is an example to the contrary. Let it be a warning to some of you, and an encouragement to others. In the mean time, I will go on with my story.

Well, there I was in clover you will say. Placed in a position of trust and honor, with a little cottage of my own to live in, with my rounds on the estate to occupy me in the morning and my accounts in the afternoon, and my pipe and my Robinson Crusoe in the evening—what more could I possibly want to make me happy? Remember what Adam wanted when he was alone in the Garden of Eden; and if you don't blame it in Adam, don't blame it in me.

The woman I fixed my eye on was the woman who kept house for me at my cottage. Her name was Selina Goby. I agree with the late William Cobbett about picking a wife. See that she chews her food well, and sets her foot down firmly on the ground when she walks, and you're all right. Selina Goby was all right in both these respects, which was one reason for marrying her. I had another reason, likewise, entirely of my own discovering. Selina, being a single woman, made me pay so much a week for her board and services. Selina, being my wife, couldn't charge for her board, and would have to give me her services for nothing. That was the point of view I looked at it from. Economy—with a dash of love. I put it to my mistress, as in duty bound, just as I have put it to myself.

"I have been turning Selina Goby over in my mind," I said, "and I think, my lady, it will be cheaper to marry her than to keep her."

My lady burst out laughing, and said she didn't know which to be most shocked at—my language or my principles. Some joke tickled her, I suppose, of the sort that you can't take unless you are a person of quality. Understanding nothing myself but that I was free to put it next to Selina, I went and put it accordingly. And what did Selina say? Lord! how little you must know of women, if you ask that. Of course, she said Yes.

As my time drew nearer, and there got to be talk of my having a new coat for the ceremony, my mind began to misgive me. I have compared notes with other men as to what they felt while they were in my interesting situation; and they have all acknowledged that, about a week before it happened, they privately wished themselves out of it. I went a trifle further than that myself; I actually rose up, as it were, and tried to get out of it. Not for nothing! I was too just a man to expect she would let me off for nothing. Compensation to the woman when the man gets out of it is one of the laws of England. In obedience to the laws, and after turning it over carefully in mind, I offered Selina Goby a feather-bed and fifty shillings to be off the bargain. You will hardly believe it, but it is nevertheless true—she was fool enough to refuse.

After that it was all over with me, of course. I got the new coat as cheap as I could, and I went through all the rest of it as cheap as I could. We were not a happy couple, and not a miserable couple. We were six of one, and half a dozen of the other. How it was I don't understand, but we always seemed to be getting, with the best of motives, in one another's way. When I wanted to go up stairs, there was my wife coming down; or when my wife wanted to go down, there was I coming up. That is married life, according to my experience of it.

After five years of misunderstandings on the stairs, it pleased an all-wise Providence to relieve us of each other by taking my wife. I was left with my little girl Penelope, and with no other child. Shortly afterward Sir John died, and my lady was left with her little girl Miss Rachel, and no other child. I have written to very poor purpose of my lady if you require to be told that my little Penelope was taken care of under my good mistress's own eye, and was sent to school, and taught, and made a sharp girl, and promoted, when old enough, to be Miss Rachel's own maid.

As for me, I went on with my business as bailiff year after year up to Christmas, 1847, when there came a change in my life. On that day my lady invited herself to a cup of tea alone with me in my cottage. She remarked that, reckoning from the year when I started as page-boy in the time of the old lord, I had been more than fifty years in her service, and she put into my hands a beautiful waistcoat of wool that she had worked herself, to keep me warm in the bitter winter weather.

I received this magnificent present quite at a loss to find words to thank my mistress with for the honor she had done me. To my great astonishment, it turned out, however, that the waistcoat was not an honor, but a bribe. My lady had discovered that I was getting old before I had discovered it myself, and she had come to my cottage to wheedle me (if I may use such an expression) into giving up my hard, out-of-door work as bailiff, and taking my ease for the rest of my days as steward in the house. I made as good a fight of it against the indignity of taking my ease as I could. But my mistress knew the weak side of me; she put it as a favor to herself. The dispute between us ended, after that, in my wiping my eyes, like an old fool, with my new woolen waistcoat, and saying I would think about it.

The perturbation in my mind, in regard to thinking about it, being truly dreadful after my lady had gone away, I applied the remedy which I have never yet found to fail me in cases of doubt and emergency. I smoked a pipe and took a turn at Robinson Crusoe. Before I had occupied myself with that extraordinary book five minutes I came on a comforting bit (page one hundred and fifty-eight), as follows: "To-day we love what to-morrow we hate." I saw my way clear directly. To-day I was all for continuing to be farm-bailiff; to-morrow, on the authority of Robinson Crusoe, I should be all the other way. Take myself to-morrow while in to-morrow's humor, and the thing was done. My mind being relieved in this manner, I went to sleep that night in the character of Lady Verinder's farm-bailiff, and I woke up the next morning in the character of Lady Verinder's house-steward. All quite comfortable, and all through Robinson Crusoe!

My daughter Penelope has just looked over my shoulder to see what I have done so far. She remarks that it is beautifully written, and every word of it true. But she points out one objection. She says, what I have done so far isn't in the least what I was wanted to do. I am asked to tell the story of the Diamond, and, instead of that, I have been telling the story of my own self. Curious, and quite beyond me to account for. I wonder whether the gentlemen who make a business and a living out of writing books ever find their own selves getting in the way of their subjects like me? If they do, I can feel for them. In the mean time, here is another false start, and more waste of good writing-paper. What's to be done now? Nothing that I know of, except for you to keep your temper, and for me to begin it all over again for the third time.

CHAPTER III.

THE question of how I am to start the story properly I have tried to settle in two ways. First, by scratching my head, which led to nothing. Second, by consulting my daughter Penelope, which has resulted in an entirely new idea.

Penelope's notion is that I should set down what happened regularly day by day, beginning with the day when we got the news that Mr. Franklin Blake was expected on a visit to the house. When you come to fix your memory with a date in this day, it is wonderful what your memory will pick up for you upon that compulsion. The only difficulty is to fetch out the dates, in the first place. This Penelope offers to do for me by looking into her own diary, which she was taught to keep when she was at school, and which she has gone on keeping ever since. In answer to an improvement on this notion, devised by myself, namely, that she should tell the story instead of me, out of her own diary, Penelope observes, with a fierce look and a red face, that her journal is for her own private eye, and that no living creature shall ever know what is in it but herself. When I inquire what this means, Penelope says, "Fiddlestick!" *I* say, Sweet-hearts.

Beginning, then, on Penelope's plan, I beg to mention that I was specially called one Wednesday morning into my lady's own sitting-room, the date being the twenty-fourth of May, eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

"Gabriel," says my lady, "here is news that will surprise you. Franklin Blake has come back from abroad. He has been staying with his father in London, and he is coming to us to-morrow to stop till next month and keep Rachel's birthday."

If I had had a hat in my hand nothing but respect would have prevented me from throwing that hat up to the ceiling. I had not seen Mr. Franklin since he was a boy, living along with us in this house. He was, out of all sight (as I remembered him), the nicest boy that ever spun a top or broke a window. Miss Rachel, who was present, and to whom I made that remark, observed, in return, that *she* remembered him as the most atrocious tyrant that ever tortured a doll, and the hardest driver of an exhausted little girl in string harness that England could produce. "I burn with indignation, and I ache with fatigue," was the way Miss Rachel summed it up, "when I think of Franklin Blake."

Hearing what I now tell you, you will naturally ask how it was that Mr. Franklin should have passed all the years, from the time when he was a boy to the time when he was a man, out of his own country. I answer, because his father had the misfortune to be next heir to a Dukedom, and not to be able to prove it.

In two words, this was how the thing happened:

My lady's eldest sister married the celebrated Mr. Blake—equally famous for his great riches and his great suit at law. How many years he went on worrying the tribunals of his country to turn out the Duke in possession, and to put himself in the Duke's place—how many lawyers' purses he filled to bursting, and how many otherwise harmless people he set by the ears together disputing whether he was right or wrong—is more by a great deal than I can reckon up. His wife died, and two of his three children died, before the tribunals could make up their minds to show him the door and take no more of his money. When it was all over, and the Duke in possession was left in possession, Mr. Blake discovered that the only way of being even with his country for the manner in which it had treated him was not to let his country have the honor of educating his son. "How can I trust my native institutions," was the form in which he put it, "after the way in which my native institutions have behaved to *me?*" Add to this that Mr. Blake disliked all boys, his own included, and you will admit that it could only end in one way. Master Franklin was taken from us in England, and was sent to institutions which his father *could* trust, in that superior country, Germany; Mr. Blake himself, you will observe, remaining snug in England, to improve his fellow-countrymen in the Parliament House, and to publish a statement on the subject of the Duke in possession, which has remained an unfinished statement from that day to this.

There! Thank God, that's told! Neither you nor I need trouble our heads any more about Mr. Blake, senior. Leave him to the Dukedom; and let you and I stick to the Diamond.

The Diamond takes us back to Mr. Franklin, who was the innocent means of bringing that unlucky jewel into the house.

Our nice boy didn't forget us after he went abroad. He wrote every now and then; sometimes to my lady, sometimes to Miss Rachel, and sometimes to me. We had had a transaction together before he left, which consisted of his borrowing of me a ball of string, a four-bladed knife, and seven-and-sixpence in money—the color of which last I have not seen, and never expect to see, again. His letters to me chiefly related to borrowing more. I heard, however, from my lady, how he got on abroad, as he grew in years and stature. After he had learned what the institutions of Germany could teach him, he gave the French a turn next, and the Italians a turn after that. They made him among them a sort of universal genius, as well as I could understand it. He wrote a little; he painted a little; he sang and played and composed a little—borrowing, as I suspect, in all these cases, just as he had borrowed from me. His mother's fortune (seven hundred a year) fell to him when he came of age, and ran through him as it might be through a sieve. The more money he had, the more he wanted: there was a hole in Mr. Franklin's pocket that nothing would sew up. Wherever he went the lively, easy way of him made him welcome.

He lived here, there, and every where; his address (as he used to put it himself) being "Post-office, Europe—to be left till called for." Twice over he made up his mind to come back to England and see us; and twice over (saving your presence) some unmentionable woman stood in the way and stopped him. His third attempt succeeded, as you know already from what my lady told me. On Thursday, the twenty-fifth of May, we were to see for the first time what our nice boy had grown to be as a man. He came of good blood; he had a high courage; and he was five-and-twenty years of age, by our reckoning. Now you know as much of Mr. Franklin Blake as I did—before Mr. Franklin Blake came down to our house.

The Thursday was as fine a summer's day as ever you saw; and my lady and Miss Rachel (not expecting Mr. Franklin till dinner-time) drove out to lunch with some friends in the neighborhood.

When they were gone I went and had a look at the bedroom which had been got ready for our guest, and saw that all was straight. Then, being butler in my lady's establishment, as well as steward (at my own particular request, mind, and because it vexed me to see any body but myself in possession of the key of the late Sir John's cellar)—then, I say, I fetched up some of our famous Latour claret, and set it in the warm summer air to take off the chill before dinner. Concluding to set myself in the warm summer air next—seeing that what is good for old claret is equally good for old age—I took up my bee-hive chair to go out into the back court, when I was stopped by hearing a sound like the soft beating of a drum on the terrace in front of my lady's residence.

Going round to the terrace, I found three mahogany-colored Indians, in white linen frocks and trowsers, looking up at the house.

The Indians, as I saw on looking closer, had small hand-drums slung in front of them. Behind them stood a little, delicate-looking, light-haired, English boy carrying a bag. I judged the fellows to be strolling conjurors, and the boy with the bag to be carrying the tools of their trade. One of the three, who spoke English, and who exhibited, I must own, the most elegant manners, presently informed me that my judgment was right. He requested permission to show his tricks in the presence of the lady of the house.

Now I am not a sour old man. I am generally all for amusement, and the last person in the world to distrust another person because he happens to be a few shades darker than myself. But the best of us have our weaknesses—and my weakness, when I know a family plate-basket to be out on a pantry-table, is to be instantly reminded of that basket by the sight of a strolling stranger whose manners are superior to my own. I accordingly informed the Indian that the lady of the house was out; and I warned him and his party off the premises. He made me a beautiful bow in return; and he and his party went off the premises. On my side, I returned to my bee-hive chair, and set myself down on the sunny side of the court, and fell (if the truth must be owned) not exactly into a sleep, but into the next best thing to it.

I was roused up by my daughter Penelope running out at me as if the house was on fire. What do you think she wanted? She wanted to have the three Indian jugglers instantly taken up; for this reason, namely, that they knew who was coming from London to visit us, and that they meant some mischief to Mr. Franklin Blake.

Mr. Franklin's name roused me. I opened my eyes, and made my girl explain herself.

It appeared that Penelope had just come from our lodge, where she had been having a gossip with the lodge-keeper's daughter. The two girls had seen the Indians pass out, after I had warned them off, followed by their little boy. Taking it into their heads that the boy was ill used by the foreigners—for no reason that I could discover, except that he was pretty and delicate-looking—the girls had stolen along the inner side of the hedge between us and the road, and had watched the proceedings of the foreigners on the outer side. These proceedings resulted in the performance of the following extraordinary tricks:

They first looked up the road and down the road, and made sure that they were alone. Then they all three faced about, and stared hard in the direction of our house. Then they jabbered and disputed in their own language, and looked at each other like men in doubt. Then they all turned to their little English boy, as if they expected *him* to help them. And then the chief Indian, who spoke English, said to the boy, "Hold out your hand."

On hearing those dreadful words, my daughter Penelope said she didn't know what prevented her heart from flying straight out of her. I thought privately that it might have been her stays. All I said, however, was, "You make my flesh creep." (*Nota bene:* women like these little compliments.)

Well, when the Indian said "Hold out your hand," the boy shrunk back, and shook his head, and said he didn't like it. The Indian thereupon asked him (not at all unkindly) whether he would like to be sent back to London, and left where they had found him, sleeping in an empty basket in a market—a hungry, ragged, and forsaken little boy. This, it seems, ended the difficulty. The little chap unwillingly held out his hand. Upon that the Indian took a bottle from his bosom, and poured out of it some black stuff, like ink, into the palm of the boy's hand. The Indian—first touching the boy's head, and making signs over it in the air—then said, "Look." The boy became quite stiff, and stood like a statue, looking into the ink in the hollow of his hand.

(So far, it seemed to me to be juggling, accompanied by a foolish waste of ink. I was beginning to feel sleepy again, when Penelope's next words stirred me up.)

The Indians looked up the road and down the road once more—and then the chief Indian said these words to the boy: "See the English gentleman from foreign parts."

The boy said, "I see him."

The Indian said, "Is it on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by us to-day?"

The boy said, "It is on the road to this house, and on no other, that the English gentleman will pass by you to-day."

The Indian put a second question—after waiting a little first. He said: "Has the English gentleman got It about him?"

The boy answered—also, after waiting a little first—"Yes."

The Indian put a third and last question: "Will the English gentleman come here, as he has promised to come, at the close of day?"

The boy said, "I can't tell."

The Indian asked why.

The boy said, "I am tired. The mist rises in my head, and puzzles me. I can see no more to-day."

With that the catechism ended. The chief Indian said something in his own language to the other two, pointing to the boy, and pointing toward the town, in which (as we afterward discovered) they were lodged. He then, after making more signs on the boy's head, blew on his forehead, and so woke him up with a start. After that they all went on their way toward the town, and the girls saw them no more.

Most things, they say, have a moral, if you only look for it. What was the moral of this?

The moral was, as I thought: First, that the chief juggler had heard Mr. Franklin's arrival talked of among the servants out-of-doors, and saw his way to making a little money by it. Second, that he and his men and boy (with a view to making the said money) meant to hang about till they saw my lady drive home, and then to come back, and foretell Mr. Franklin's arrival by magic. Third, that Penelope had heard them rehearsing their hocus-pocus, like actors rehearsing a play. Fourth, that I should do well to have an eye, that evening, on the plate-basket. Fifth, that Penelope would do well to cool down, and leave me, her father, to doze off again in the sun.

That appeared to me to be the sensible view. If you know any thing of the ways of young women, you won't be surprised to hear that Penelope wouldn't take it. The moral of the thing was serious, according to my daughter. She particularly reminded me of the Indian's third question. Has the English gentleman got It about him? "Oh, Father!" says Penelope, clasping her hands, "don't joke about this! What does 'It' mean?"

"We'll ask Mr. Franklin, my dear," I said, "if you can wait till Mr. Franklin comes." I winked to show I meant that in joke. Penelope took it quite seriously. My girl's earnestness tickled me. "What on earth should Mr. Franklin know about it?" I inquired. "Ask him," says Penelope. "And see whether *he* thinks it a laughing matter, too." With that parting shot my daughter left me.

I settled it with myself, when she was gone, that I really would ask Mr. Franklin—mainly to set Penelope's mind at rest. What was said between us, when I did ask him, later on that same day, you will find set out fully in its proper place. But as I don't wish to raise your expectations and then disappoint them, I will take leave to warn you here—before we go any further—that you won't find the ghost of a joke in our conversation on the subject of the jugglers. To my great surprise, Mr. Franklin, like Penelope, took the thing seriously. How seriously, you will understand, when I tell you that, in his opinion, "It" meant the Moonstone.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE storm—the beautiful, inconvenient, direful, delightful, drifting snow-storm! What would some poor, brainless people do if the ever-changing weather did not afford them a fruitful topic of conversation? And such an appropriate topic too! It is always suitable for Mr. Smalltalk, in an evening call upon Miss Littlesay, to remark that "we have had a terrible storm," or that "it is fearfully cold," or that "the wind blows shockingly," provided the storm, or the cold, or the wind are any ways in season. Fifteen minutes' intense thought on the part of Mr. Smalltalk—after he has tied his cravat in the latest style, and brushed his hair preparatory to the evening call—will enable him to decide with tolerable correctness what feature in the weather is most prominent, and to prepare himself to introduce the subject in a natural and graceful manner, after having made his bow, said "Good-evening," and deposited himself languidly in the softest easy-chair. Sudden atmospheric changes are an especial blessing to Mr. Smalltalk; it stirs and shakes up his mental faculties—as the earthquakes have shaken St. Thomas—and he sometimes ventures an original remark, which he has had a fair chance to do during the last week or two.

There are two great pictures which may be seen in New York city after a heavy snow-storm, such as came so early this winter. Merry children coasting and snow-balling; merry people, in elegant sleighs, with dashing horses, flying through the Park, through Harlem Lane, on the Bloomingdale Road, through Broadway and Fifth Avenue—this is one. Men shoveling snow from the car tracks; snow banks four feet high in the street; cars packed with living people as densely as if they were pickled fish, drivers cross, conductors cross, every body cross, horses struggling; weary men and women, late from their work, standing vainly at the corners of the streets in the hope of obtaining a place in some coming car; mails delayed, and business obstructed generally—this is the other. The snow brings a good deal of pleasure to New Yorkers; but it is a very expensive luxury, and costs New York city a deal of money and trouble.

Yet New York does not worry its head about money or trouble, especially during the holidays; and good, smooth sleighing is a great delight to the numerous *callers* on New-Year's Day. May wind and weather be favorable to the New-Year's greetings, and 1868 bring gladness and blessings!

A daring robbery was recently committed in Wall Street, in broad daylight, at one of the busiest hours of the day, and when the street was crowded with people. A bank clerk was returning from the Clearing-House with a black leather bag, containing $3,600,000 worth of checks, and $500 in bank notes, when he received a blow on the head which staggered him, but did not knock him down. The unknown assailant seized the bag, but the clerk clung to it with a desperate grasp. The robber stepped into a sleigh, and two other occupants set the horse attached to it in rapid motion. The clerk still clung to the valuable satchel which had been intrusted to him, and was dragged through the snow a distance of over a block, the sleigh actually passing the bank door before the robber had succeeded in compelling the determined clerk, by means of blows on the hands and face, to release his hold of the satchel. The robbers made their escape, for no policeman saw the attempt, and so rapidly was it done that the other witnesses did not realize what was the matter. The various banks whose checks had been stolen were notified and payment stopped. There have been several similar attempts at robbery within a couple of years; and doubtless there is a gang of villains who lie in wait for messengers who carry money through the streets. The practice of intrusting large sums of money to an unguarded and single individual is really an invitation to thieves.

A frightful calamity occurred in Second Avenue last week. About two o'clock in the morning a fire broke out in a four-story tenement-house. The firemen and police promptly arrived; but the flames had made such progress that it was evident they had been smouldering some time. Dense volumes of smoke filled the narrow stairways, and a scene of the wildest terror and confusion ensued. Every effort was made to assist the inmates of the upper floors to escape, but seven persons were found dead from suffocation. Several others were seriously injured, and two have since died. The passages and staircases of the house were all narrow, and built of wood. It is also stated that there was no fire-escape on the premises, and the fact that the scuttle-ladder broke beneath the weight of the persons attempting to ascend it reveals the character of the modes of egress. Several tragedies of a similar kind have occurred within the past two or three years.

What a careless people we Americans are! Statistics show that not less than a million letters were mailed, during the year covered by the Report of the Postmaster-General, without signatures and misdirected, or so badly directed that the address was totally unintelligible. In addition to these, more than a million and a half were restored to the writers by the care of the Dead-Letter Office. And yet we think we are always very careful in addressing the letters *we* individually send, and usually lay all the blame of lost letters upon the mails—the postmaster, the clerks, the carriers, or somebody besides our very careful selves has done the mischief. In general the address is written on the envelope in haste; we want to send the letter to be mailed, and it is all ready but directing it, and we seize a pen, dash off the name and place, and often never look to see if it is correctly written. Yet we know business-men of large correspondence who always make it a point to write within the letter the full address of the one to whom it is sent, and give special thought to the legible and careful direction of the envelope. And some of these say they have never known of a letter of theirs being lost.

The following advice is given in the *Journal of Health* to skaters who suffer during their recreation from cold feet: "Before starting for the ice, bathe your feet in cold water, dry them perfectly, and give them a good rubbing with a crash towel, put on a pair of woolen or heavy cotton stockings, and your feet will remain comfortably warm for three or four hours in the coldest weather."

It is not always safe to rely upon the current items of the newspapers, often hastily collected, and inserted without examination as facts. Not long ago a certain city paper contained, on a Monday morning, a carefully-prepared report of a sermon, stated to have been preached the day before by a well-known clerical gentleman at his church in this city. The clergyman in question was at the time thousands of miles away, across the ocean. We do not, therefore, altogether believe a statement that is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that in a town (which shall be unmentioned) in Connecticut, not a pastor has had a cent added to his pay since the war began, while the cost of living has more than doubled, and that the highest salary paid to a pastor there is $1000. But if by any means any other town has been unmindful of its pastors, New-Year's Day is a favorable opportunity to turn over a new leaf.

It is said—and how very pleasant is the knowledge!—that an oyster's heart beats perceptibly half an hour after it is swallowed. This is, so far as our information extends, equally true of oysters stewed or raw, broiled or fried; at least, no exceptions or qualifications are made in the statement from which we gather this interesting fact.

This cold winter weather has stirred up the young ladies of Mount Holyoke Seminary—so well known as an institution based on Christian principles and thorough instruction—to raise such a sum of money as will supply the means of more perfectly heating the building. The main halls are inadequately warmed, and as this institution has no fund for extra expenses, some of the energy which inspired its benevolent founder, Mary Lyon, seems to have fallen upon the pupils. They have earnestly commenced their work in combination with the alumni and friends of the Seminary, and will doubtless accomplish their object; for sensible and enthusiastic women seldom fail in what they undertake. The friends of this institution scattered throughout the country will wish them success; and many, doubtless, will show their interest in a tangible way.

A lecturer in England recently undertook to cure the undergraduates of Cambridge of smoking by discoursing to them on the evils of this practice. When the time for the lecture arrived he was somewhat surprised to find some four hundred students in attendance, each with a pipe surcharged with tobacco.

Weston's walking feat is thrown quite into the shade by some developments in regard to a Norwegian named Ernst, who was born in 1799, and commenced his career as a pedestrian in England when about 20 years of age. After some successful practice he agreed to walk from Paris to Moscow in 15 days, a bet of $20,000 having been made, of which, in case of success, he was to receive only $600. At noon on the 11th of June, 1822, he started from Place Vendôme, Paris, and on the morning of the 25th of June stood before the Kremlin, in Moscow, accomplishing the distance of 1600 English miles in 13½, instead of 15 days, or at an average of 107 miles a day. At another time Ernst walked 117 miles a day for 14 days consecutively. At other times he made 85 miles a day for 21 days running, and 82 miles per day during 60 days. These statements are said to be capable of the fullest and most satisfactory proof.

A good story is told of an old Dutch farmer, who, having just arrived at the dignity of justice of the peace, undertook to marry a couple who came to him for that purpose.

"Vell, you vants to be marrit, do you?" said he. "Vell, you loves dis woman so goot as any you ever see?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Then to the woman,

"Vell, do you love dis man so better as no man you never see?"

Lady hesitated, and he repeated,

"Vell, vell, do you likes him so well as to be his wife?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, with a kind of titter.

"Vell, dat is all any reasonable man can expect. So you are marrit. I pronounce you man and wife."

The man then asked the justice what was to pay.

"Oh, nothing at all—nothing at all—you are welcome to it if it will do you any good."

One of the most remarkable surgical operations on record was performed some weeks ago upon a young gentleman residing at Tarrytown. He was thrown out of a wagon and injured so severely that his recovery was considered hopeless. It seems that his neck was dislocated—a circumstance that would without doubt have resulted fatally had it not been for the opportune arrival of a surgeon, who by a rapid and expert movement adjusted the broken atlas of the vertebræ. Since then the neck of the patient has been kept in a stationary position by means of instruments, which has resulted in his being pronounced out of danger.

Munich boasts of having the largest bronze statue in the world. This colossal figure represents the protectress of Bavaria with a huge lion standing at her side. In her right hand is a sword, and the left hand holds upward a wreath of flowers. The entire figure is in the most beautiful proportions, and is 65 feet high, weighing 230,000 pounds. It stands upon a granite pedestal 30 feet in height, through which a circular stairway leads to the head of the figure, where seats are provided for eight persons.

A resident in Père la Chaise, Paris, ordered, previous to his death, that a copy of *La Patrie* should be placed on his tombstone every morning. This eccentric request is duly carried out, and there on the grave can be seen a heap of musty old papers.

Men do get fearfully hardened and callous to the exhibition of tender and sensitive feeling in woman! They rough it in the outside world, and often their occupation quite blunts their perceptions! In proof of which statement is the case of a scientific man, who was devoted to the study of chemistry. His wife made some request of him one day which he refused to grant. Her heart was set on it, and she burst into a flood of tears. But the chemist bent over his acids, and powders, and bottles immovable as a rock. "Tears are useless, my dear," said he. "I have analyzed them; they contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorid of sodium, and water!"

It is said that many persons have found by experiment that the light of coal-oil lamps is greatly improved by adding to the oil one-fourth its weight of common salt. It is reported to make the light much more brilliant and clear, to keep the wick clean, and prevent smoking. If this is really true, it would be a great comfort to many families, both in the city and in the country, who are dependent upon kerosene for light. The smoke of this oil is most disagreeable, and if the remedy could be introduced into the city cars, it would be an improvement.

"NOT FOR US."

OVERHEAD the stars shine bright
In the clear, cold winter sky;
And the windows, all alight,
Shine upon the passers-by,
Moving on, a living tide,
Through the busy, crowded street,
Where the walks on either side
Echo with the tread of feet.

Keen and frosty is the air
Of the chill December night,
Now the year that was so fair
From the gray earth takes its flight;
And, as swiftly pass the days,
Hearths grow warm with festal cheer;
And each heart with kindness glows
Now the Christmas time is near.

Children in their snowy beds
Dream of Santa Claus by night;
Older hearts and wiser heads
Share with them their young delight;
Faces that, at other times,
Darken with the shade of care,
Lay aside their anxious looks,
And the smiles of gladness wear.

See what wonders here are met
In this mammoth window, deep:
Dolls with flaxen curls and jet,
Barking dogs and woolly sheep;
Some Aladdin's palace this,
Reared by a magician's hand,
At whose portals, filled with light,
Dazzled gazers, wondering, stand.

"Not for us the gifts within;
Only these the sick may buy,"
Speaks the mother, pale and thin,
To the child, whose wistful eye
Looks with longing on the toys
Heaped in gay profusion there—
Painted harlequin and doll
Glittering in the gaslight's glare.

"Not for us," ah! sharp the thorn
In those words to her young heart;
Sad the bitter meaning born,
Causing silent tears to start.
Is she all too young to know,
Gazing on that window there,
Better gifts there are than those
Waiting for us all—somewhere?

"NOT FOR US."—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE THE POEM, PAGE 7.]

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—[See Page 10.]

A BACHELOR'S DINNER.

If there is any thing dismal in this bright world of ours it is a dinner—no matter how good—eaten alone; and for the good and sufficient cause that there can be no feast of reason where there is no flow of soul. An American restaurant, where each man dines alone in the midst of the crowded company, though relieved somewhat by the noise and confusion necessary to that manner of feeding by wholesale, is still a dull place, to which no sane man resorts except under the compulsion of business or haste. The dullest of all toasts—that which is "drank standing and in silence"—is only relieved from positive stupidity by the usual sentiment of respect and honor which accompanies it. But of all the dull meals that can possibly be conceived is that of a dinner on a great festal occasion eaten in solitude. As, for instance, a friendless bachelor's dinner on Christmas, such as we illustrate on page 9. To the poor old fellow who sits down to his solitary fare there is nothing cheering in the roast beef, nothing inspiring in the decanter of sherry, and only satire and reproach in the only mated articles in the room—the knife and fork. The dull condition of the room, the doleful aspect of the dinner-table, and the dismal expression of the bachelor's face are well delineated by the artist; and we shall expect that every sensible bachelor—if such things exist—will rise from the serious contemplation of this picture fully resolved to "go and sin no more" or longer by remaining a bachelor and taking his next Christmas dinner in silence and alone.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HESITATION.

The accident, which might have been fatal to the child—the dread she had labored under for a few moments of Frank being blamed for that accident—the remark of the little girl's grandmother—or something, she could not quite decide what, preyed painfully on Mrs. Bathurst's spirits as she rode home that day.

"It's all right, my darling. What makes you so sad now?" Frank said, rather reproachfully, coming close, and laying his hand on the pommel; "I can't bear to see you looking so cut up."

She tried hard to smile at him. She knew that this gloom, which would assert its sway over her, was a poor compliment to the man who had married her, and was bright and happy in his love for her, and who was kept in ignorance of the cause of such gloom. But she could not help herself. The smile was a very poor performance, and they both felt it to be so.

"My dear Trixy," he said, very seriously for Frank—"my dear Trixy, are you not well?"

"Yes, I am quite well, Frank," she said.

"Then are you not happy?" he asked, quickly.

"Very happy with you, Frank; do believe that."

"Then what are you not happy about? Trixy, it's no use. I seem to be very light and careless and unobservant, and all that sort of thing; but where I love I am not these things, and I love you; tell me, darling; I have a right to share your sorrow, if you have one."

"I was a little shocked just now, that was all," she said, falteringly; "the poor little child looked so helpless, and the mother seemed so hurt and grieved about it, and the grandmother seemed so hard and callous; it upset me a little."

"Yes, the old woman had an eye to the main chance," he said, contemptuously; "she thought to make an appeal to the pity and the purse-strings of the young married lady by being pitiless to that poor thing her daughter."

"And she only woke all my pity for the poor little child," Beatrix said, sadly—"the poor little innocent child, who does not know yet how much it is to be pitied."

"They never do feel it much in that class," he said, carelessly; "they have no traditions—"

"Frank, don't speak in that way," she said, imploringly; "I can't bear it—I can't, indeed!"

"But, my dear child, simply they have not."

"They have the traditions of virtue and purity just as much as we—as gentlepeople have."

"Yes, but they don't fall from such a height into such an abyss of shame as we do if any thing of the sort befalls us," he said, energetically; "it's a living thing in our order, that family pride which we may feel in looking back through generations and saying, with truth, that all the men were brave, and all the women spotless; it's a living thing, a power in the land; a—surely you agree with me, Trixy?"

"I do; indeed I do."

"Why, on earth, then, do you look as though I were advancing frightfully heterodox or startlingly-new opinions?" Then, after a minute's pause, he added, "It's not worth our while to argue on the subject the poor little child introduced, though. Let us get down to the cliffs, dear; the sea-breeze will bring back the color the fright banished. I will make you decide on a subject for me. I want to take a view on the coast, and you shall tell me which to take. Glorious all this is, to be sure! This time of year down here is like a poem of Keats's."

"What will have happened to us, I wonder, before

'Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,'

be all about us?" Trixy said, as they turned into a narrow lane, in which the very spirit of spring seemed to have been embodied. The sloping banks of the high hedges were thickly covered with pale primroses and large, intensely violet dog-violets; forcing their way up among these, the young curly fronds of the hart's-tongue and royal male fern advanced their beautiful claim to consideration. Honey-suckle, in thick, full clusters, wreathed itself about the hedge-tops. The dark-green leaves and purely-blue flowers of the periwinkle went along in sinuous curves, and a few large-eyed daisies starred the way-side garden, which no culture could have improved. There were such depths of velvety moss—such imperial clumps of golden fern—such darkly-shaded nooks, wherein water trickled and hardy young cresses grew in delicious profusion—such dazzling masses of red-gold king-cups—such long, feathery grasses—such a wreath of verdure and color, in fact, that one grew to fear that nature had been too prodigal of her gifts in that lane, and that she must, of strong necessity, fall short of her favors as soon as she got out of it. But (and here is the wonder) in this lavish western land nature enriches every spot alike. Even her cliffs are covered with a daintily-colored carpeting of moss and lichen. Her rocks have shades of red and purple over them; her sands glitter with crushed crystals; her caves sparkle with stalactites. Her pastures and commons are green with a greenness on which the eye rests lingeringly, lovingly, to which it longs to return. Her moors are magnificent mosaics; for thereon red mosses and purple heather, yellow gorse and wild white flowers, forget-me-nots and pimpernel, bluebells and wild thyme are mingled by a faultless Artist's hand. And her lofty hills draw the clouds, and her dense woods shelter the land, so her beauty is never sun-burnt, but is always fresh as from a recent bath.

Mrs. Bathurst's thoughts were very far from the beauties of the land when they came out of the lane and got upon a wide down, at the extreme end of which the sea tumbled and roared over and amidst rocks that were limpet and weed covered. She had worked herself up into such a miserable state of mind that no external object could appeal to her. As she dwelt more and more in bitter secrecy upon this deep, terrible truth, which Marian had made known to her to-day, she could not clear her brow and give the smiles that he sought to the husband who had just asked for her hearty coincidence in his belief that it was a living thing in their order, that "pride in being able to look back through generations and avow that all the men were brave and all the women spotless."

She was very miserable—pitiably miserable—and there was no acting blood in poor Trixy. She could not seem to be more bright and light-hearted than she really was, though she knew that her depression would give rise to suspicions which she could not satisfactorily allay; moreover, she was one of those women on whom mental suffering has a speedy physical ill effect. Her side began to ache, and her head to feel heavy, and she could not at all enjoy the glorious burst of sea-view which Frank had told himself "must surely rouse her."

"I don't believe you care for the country a bit, Trixy," he said, disappointedly, when they had stood for about five minutes contemplating the surging waves in silence.

"What, Frank?—indeed I do!"

"Any way you don't care for this. You look bored. You will be happier when we get up to town, and you can go out and pace about in the Row."

"I wish we were not going to town," she said, energetically; "I do, Frank; I like being here far better; I am happier here."

"My dear child, you'll give some of your old friends rather a queer notion of your happiness if you look as you do now when you go back to the world; I confess I don't understand women." Frank spoke as if he were both hurt and offended.

"But Frank," she began.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to explain any thing that you would rather leave unexplained, Beatrix," he interrupted, rather stiffly.

"You don't understand me," she said, almost piteously. And then she was going on to tell him that, as far as he was concerned, she was very happy, and perfectly well satisfied, and that he must not imagine she was sad or regretful whenever a shade of thought crept over her face. But he would scarcely listen to this, being nominally anxious to get "along the coast," and in reality being pained out of all power of listening.

"Frank," she said, when they had ridden some way in silence, "be a little lenient to a woman's foolish nervousness; I was very silly to suffer myself to be upset, that I admit. You won't be gloomy to me any longer?"

"Is it to me that the charge of gloominess this day applies?" Mr. Bathurst replied, carelessly. "I should not have thought so if I had been called upon to decide; however, it doesn't matter, gloom or sunshine, we evidently are not always to have honey-moon weather."

"Don't say that," she muttered, giving him a glance of yearning, pleading affection at the same time: "we have always had it till to-day, Frank, and to-day the gloom has come—"

"Heaven knows how!" he interrupted; "I don't, at least. I'm delighted to hear that it was a mere passing cloud; sadness and darkness don't agree with me. Dull looks irritate me, Trixy. If you have any thing to be dull about, tell me, and the mere speaking of it will exorcise the demon: if you sit and brood over things, and make yourself look old and ill, I shall be a good deal more annoyed than you will care to annoy me, I fancy."

"I am not in the habit of brooding over things."

"Yes, you are. All women are. No, I don't think Blanche would brood over any thing; I believe she would have it out and have done with it, whatever the consequences."

Trixy's heart began to beat painfully, as her husband spoke. It seemed to her that Frank must have an inkling of the truth, otherwise, why should he press on her the duty and propriety of confiding in him, and so extol Blanche for an honesty and truthfulness which she had not been called upon to practice? "If I told him, nothing could be gained, and a great deal would be lost," she repeated, to herself; "he would never be quite happy if he had the knowledge that his wife was basely born; and if he were unhappy about me, I should never know a peaceful hour." Then she fell to thinking the subject over again in all its bearings, and no amount of thought made it more manageable or less terrible, while it did, on the other hand, make her dull, sad, and silent again.

"It's rather unfortunate that we should be going to spend this evening alone, Trixy," Frank said, when they were riding home. "A third person would have broken this monotony, which is becoming oppressive to you."

"Now you know I am never so happy as when I am alone with you, Frank," she said, looking at him with tears in her eyes.

"You are very good to say so," he replied, laughing; "and as there is no one but Mrs. Lyon to be got to relieve us of ourselves, I wish I could believe you. It's that letter from your sister, Mrs. Sutton, has done it, I feel pretty sure. I suppose she has narrated one of her creditable escapades to you, and you're disgusted or 'wounded,' as women call it, at being connected with her. Now have I not hit the right nail on the head at last, Trixy?"

"No, indeed, no," she said, wishing heartily the while that her connection with Marian had been a far better authenticated thing than it was.

"Then I give you up for this evening," he said, laughing, "and shall fall back upon my original idea of asking Mrs. Lyon to come and dine with us. She will talk to me and smile at me, and you know I must be talked to and smiled at. Shall we stop in the village and ask her?"

"Yes," Trixy said, eagerly. She foresaw in Mrs. Lyon's presence a guard against further questioning and remark for that evening at least. Accordingly they stopped at Mrs. Lyon's cottage and asked her if she would be ready, as usual, if they sent down the carriage for her, and she acquiesced in the arrangement, and so Trixy had no great strain on her powers of concealment when she met her husband at dinner. That is to say, there was no positive and actual present strain on her powers of concealment; but, after all, it was but a brief respite, and so widely different in its resting power to a total cessation of dread. By-and-by, in one of the many long hours her husband and she must of necessity spend with each other without the saving presence of a third person, his mind would surely revert to Marian's letter and the way his wife had received it. And then, when his mind did so revert to the disturbing cause, in what way was she to set it at rest again? How was she ever to satisfy and reassure the man whom she had deceived, whom she had been compelled against her better judgment to deceive, because of the sins of others.

CHAPTER XXXV. (and last).

TOLD!

The end of May saw the Bathursts settled in town for the season and (Mrs. Bathurst, at least) satiated with society. The pretty, well-placed, newly-married woman was horribly unhappy, and her unhappiness was patent to her husband, and the cause of it was a sealed book. Very much to the surprise of the two or three who had known Beatrix best in her unmarried days, her tastes and feelings in the matter of friends and acquaintances appeared to have undergone a complete change. She shunned Blanche and sought Marian, and this was a change that did not commend itself to Frank Bathurst; for in spite of all the toleration shown and precautions taken by Mark Sutton, hard things were said of his wife. The presence of Ellen Bowden no longer gave a coloring of respectability to the intimacy with Mr. Eldale, for Ellen had gone home.

Ellen Bowden had gone home sorely discomfited and very sad. For several months she had seen bright visions and dreamed fair dreams, and now at last she was compelled to awake to a dingy reality. She had been dazzled and delighted into a feeling of something almost resembling affection for this pretty aunt, who was to her the tangible representative of the fabled world of fashion. It was hard on Ellen, therefore, to have that feeling dashed to pieces after months of cultivation by the discovery that she had been a cat's-paw in the fair hands of Mrs. Sutton. The dream of marrying Mr. Eldale had been a joyous one. The waking to the knowledge that she had been deceived only by her own vanity and Marian's vicious deceit (the man himself had thought too little of her even to try to deceive her) was a cruel one.

So she had gone home humbled and heart-stricken—gone home to wake to other truths which were equally hard and cruel. The old love of her childhood, which she had slighted and scorned, and foolishly tested, had snapped. She could have turned back to John Wilmot now and have loved him as well as ever. As well? she could have loved him better, for she had learned to appreciate his possession of certain qualities, from having found that others lacked them. But it was too late. He could not love her again; he could not trust her again. It had been a terrible wrench to his heart when she first forced it from her; but though the smarting was not over now, the hand that had wounded was powerless to heal. John Wilmot had buried his dead and could be friendly with her, but his love was gone from her, and the sole comfort she had was in the assertion his mother made that it would never centre on any one else. Theirs had been a brief romance; but after all, perhaps, the blight did not come to them sooner than it does to the great majority of the solitary men and women who live and die alone and apparently unloved.

After Miss Bowden's departure people talked in the way people will talk about Mr. Eldale's attentions to Mrs. Sutton. Marian had long ceased to desire him to marry her husband's niece. She liked to keep his adulation and his presents to herself; and after a time her vanity grew, and she became more reckless, even to the extent of boasting of these things, and then people talked.

"Whether there's harm in it or not, they know best themselves," Frank Bathurst said, angrily, to Beatrix one morning; "all I know is I won't have my wife mixed up with it. You shall not be driving about with Mrs. Sutton in a bonnet and burnous that Eldale has given her."

"What can I say to her when she asks me?"

"Say what you like; the truth is best. Say I won't let you. She'll hardly urge you to dispute your husband's authority, I suppose. If she wants a reason for my disliking it I will give it to her."

"Oh! pray don't, Frank," Trixy pleaded. She was in thrall to Marian, she knew, although they had never spoken of that secret which gave Marian the power.

"Then you must keep clear of her."

"I can't forbid my sister my house," Trixy said, proudly; "if you like to do it you will, but I can not."

"I don't want you to forbid her your house; let her come, but for Heaven's sake let her come respectably, and not bring that fellow Eldale. She goes to the theatre alone with him, and parades his devotion as none but a mad or a bad woman would."

"Oh dear, I'm miserably placed," Trixy said, sadly; "it will make a quarrel with Marian, but I will tell her if you like."

"Make a quarrel—who cares?" Frank replied. "For my own part, I so thoroughly dislike and despise Marian that I can't bear her to come in contact with my wife. Make a quarrel—the sooner the better—with such a combination of deceit and frivolity as Mrs. Sutton."

"Then I am to tell her—" Beatrix began, but Frank interrupted her.

"Tell her what you like, dear, only for my sake don't be seen so much with Marian. She tells her husband she is 'coming here' or she's 'going out with Trixy,' and he thinks it's all right, not supposing that Eldale is at her side always."

"I will try to see less of her," Trixy said, quietly.

"You don't mean to tell me that you approve of Marian's conduct?" Frank asked, quickly.

She would tell the truth where she dared.

"No, I do not; no, certainly I do not," she said, emphatically.

"Then why aid and abet and encourage her? My dear Trixy, you are inconsistent."

"I dare say I am," she replied; "every one is more or less inconsistent, apparently, to those who do not understand or care."

"When you tell me I don't understand you, you state a fact; that is your own fault, not mine. When you say I don't 'care' for you, Trixy, you tell an untruth. Marian's atmosphere has been more fatal to you than I feared even."

He left the room saying that, and Trixy was left to chew the cud of most bitter meditation alone. Here she was, through "no fault of her own," she told herself, "getting wrong with her husband in these early months of their married life, which ought to have been their happiest time." Through no fault of hers, and certainly through no fault of his, for Frank had not spoken until he had received great provocation. Mrs. Sutton was carrying on a flagrant flirtation with Mr. Eldale—a flirtation that apparently justified the hardest things that were said about her, and the things said were very hard. It was no wonder that Frank desired his wife to keep herself aloof from the contamination there is in such an example as Mrs. Sutton offered.

But how was she to keep herself aloof from it? Through the thin veil of affection and sympathy for her which Marian draped herself in, Trixy saw the utter, calculating selfishness of the woman. It was not love for her sister, and longing for wholesome female companionship which prompted Mrs. Sutton to seek Mrs. Bathurst and display herself as much as possible in Mrs. Bathurst's society. It was simply that she wanted the protection of Mrs. Bathurst's mantle of respectability to be shed over her. While her husband confided in, and the Bathursts countenanced her, the world had no right and no reason to talk, she said.

But this countenance and support from the Bathursts was to be withdrawn, and Trixy knew that Marian would bitterly resent such withdrawal. What form her resentment would take was a sad mystery still to Mrs. Bathurst; but that it would fall upon her heavily she did not doubt for one moment.

Marian came to her as usual that day just after luncheon—came with an earnest request that "Trixy would help her with a little difficulty. Mark had wanted her to go to Lionel's house with him that evening, and she had refused, pleading a previous engagement with Trixy. If Mark should chance to ask Trixy about it at any time, would she be careful?"

"Yes, I will be careful, Marian," Trixy replied; "that is, I will not say you had no engagement with me. I can't tell a story for you; besides, why won't you go to Lionel and Blanche?"

"Because I hate Blanche for one reason," Marian burst out, vehemently; "and because I have something better to do for another. You are

scrupulous enough about deceiving my husband—how about deceiving your own?"

"At any rate, my deception toward Frank is not practiced to his discredit in any way; it is because I regard his feelings and his happiness so highly that I keep my secret."

"And I keep mine for the same reason," Marian laughed. "Mark would not be happier any more than Frank if his wife confided in him."

"How can you speak so lightly?"

"How can you ask such feeble questions? Will you do as I ask you, Trixy?—or do you mean to force me to be conscientious and tell Frank? It will be less painful to me to wound his fine sensibilities now than it would have been some time since; for he has been cool to me lately. If he is as just, and kind, and loving as you declare him to be, he will not blame you."

"He will now," Trixy said, in a dejected tone. "Oh! Marian, how could I have been such a fool as to have trusted to your generosity? How can you take pleasure in the prospect of making us miserable?"

"I don't—it's the principle of self-preservation at work within me," Marian replied, carelessly. "Besides, I like to see romantic sentimental boasts proved the windy things they are. You wearied me with your vaunts of Frank's disinterested affection: 'his love is hardly worth the name' you give it, if it fails you for such a trifle."

"I have made it worse than it was at first—I won't suffer it to grow weightier by concealment any longer," Trixy said, suddenly. "I will tell him myself."

Mrs. Sutton got up from her chair and went nearer to her sister, holding down her face to kiss Trixy's cheek.

"Don't be rash because I was cross and unkind for a minute," she said, in her sweetest, softest tones; "don't you, poor reckless child; don't risk your life's happiness in that way; you would break your heart if Frank grew cold to you; and" (she continued with a sneer) "if you wound his pride he will grow cold to you, for your husband is no hero, Trixy—believe me."

"I had better risk my happiness myself than let you wreck it."

"But I will keep your secret still," Marian said, contemptuously. "You will not speak a word to keep me, but I will hold my tongue to aid you."

"But, Marian, you do not want my help for any good," Trixy said, earnestly. "Frank was saying to-day that—that—"

"That what?" Marian asked, sharply.

"That people are talking about your flirtation with Mr. Eldale."

"Blanche has been at him," Mrs. Sutton said, with her face burning with blushes. "Blanche and Lionel believe the worst of me, and they will make Edgar and Frank do the same."

"We rarely see Blanche and Lionel; they work hard and we are idlers; our hours don't agree."

"You may not see Blanche very often—but Frank does."

"Marian!"

"Curb your indignation: he does, I tell you; he was there yesterday morning, for Mark happened to call."

"And why should he not be there?" Trixy asked, impatiently. "My own brother—surely my husband may go to see him?"

"And his old love, your brother's wife; 'those who live in glass houses,' you remember? Frank had better not make any more remarks about Arthur Eldale and me. We are coming to luncheon with you to-morrow."

"Indeed you must not, Marian; indeed it is not right; while such reports are circulated I will not receive Mr. Eldale and you alone."

Marian laughed.

"How grateful you are to me for respecting your secrets—it's not much I ask you in return."

"It is too much, Marian; you know it is too much; it would be a bad return indeed if I encouraged you."

"In what?"

"In your mad course: where can it end? do you ever ask yourself that question? do you ever tell yourself that there is shame and wickedness in the way in which you try to make that man love you?"

"Try! I have not to try very much."

"And you can boast of it! Oh! Marian, how can it end?"

"Perhaps—well—better than you think," Marian replied, in confusion. "At any rate, understand that you won't improve the case by thwarting me and throwing obstacles in our path; let us be friends, Trixy," she added, suddenly holding out her hand; "help me and I'll help you."

"I can not enter into such a compact; you are misled by a wild, wicked hope—do banish it, Marian. 'Help you' in such a matter—how can you ask me to do it?"

She put her hands pleadingly and lovingly on Mrs. Sutton's shoulders. "Give up this man and his flatteries," she whispered; "save yourself—let me help you to do that!"

But Mrs. Sutton put the hands and the plea aside, and went away in anger, leaving Trixy feeling very sorrowful and uncertain about many things.

It was true, as she had said, that they saw very little of Lionel and Blanche. London distances are great obstacles to intercourse between people whose ways of life differ as widely as did those of the Bathursts and Lionel Talbots. These latter had but little time for other recreation than each other's society in their intervals of work. It was a wearing business for them to get from their inaccessible suburb to Frank Bathurst's house in Belgravia; and when they did get there the probability was that Trixy was out, and nothing was left for them to do but to get home again by the same bewildering line of omnibuses which had brought them. It is true that they went to dinner parties and dances at the Bathursts, but then Trixy was as inaccessible to the individual as their suburb. Often, too, Mrs. Bathurst and her husband would ride or drive out to see Lionel and Blanche; but the former would be in his studio, and the latter writing in the room above him, and the visitors could not help the depressing idea that they were fell interruptions to their host and hostess taking possession of them. Altogether the quadrilateral deemed it best to come to an amiable understanding on the subject, which Blanche worded as follows:

"While we are poor and busy, Trixy, we can't regard social claims in the daytime; we shall never fancy you neglect us or any nonsense of that sort; and you, in turn, must promise not to think that we are more absorbed in our occupation than we are obliged to be; I really believe that the less we are disturbed the better."

"But I don't like the idea of your not coming to us a great deal," Trixy said.

"And I should like the idea of coming often immensely, if it didn't involve so much trouble; if, when I get up with my brain aching and my imagination worn out, I could refresh both by getting on horseback, or into a comfortable carriage, I should seek you with delight, Trixy; but I can't do that; I have to walk out and find an omnibus, and then get in with all sorts of unpleasant people, very often, and travel along in a state I hate; by the time I reach your house I'm worn out and not good company for you. Now isn't it better I should stay at home and make myself agreeable to my husband?"

"Well, certainly it is," Trixy said; "but I shall be very glad when you're not poor and busy any longer."

"So shall we," Blanche said, laughing; "meantime we won't misunderstand each other."

This conversation had taken place some time before that one which has been recorded between Beatrix and Marian on the subject of Mr. Eldale. It did, therefore, appear very strange to the young wife that her husband should have seen the Lionel Talbots without mentioning the fact to her. She brooded over the strangeness of it in solitude for a long time after Marian left her, and at last she ordered her carriage, with the determination of going to see if Blanche would tell her of Frank's visit, and be altogether open.

Before she left the house Frank came and spoke to her.

"Marian has been here, I find," he said, standing holding the door of Trixy's dressing-room in his hand.

"Yes, she has," Trixy said, hesitatingly.

"Have you any thing to tell me?" he questioned, rather meaningly, Beatrix thought.

"Nothing," she replied, coldly; then she looked at Frank, and repented herself of the coldness, and went over to him and put her arms round his neck.

"Yes, Frank—I spoke to her about Mr. Eldale. I hurt her, I fear—at any rate I annoyed her."

"You made her understand that you would not lend yourself to that unhealthiness? for it is moral unhealthiness; you made her clearly understand that?"

"I did—and she was very much annoyed."

"And is that all you have to tell me, Trixy?" he said, holding her off and looking at her very fondly and very fixedly.

"Why do you ask?" she said, nervously.

"Why do I, indeed?" he said, moving his hands, and turning away. "Good-by, dear—you're going out, I see. I won't question you again."

He closed the door as he said that, and she stood still for a minute wondering, and feeling a little frightened. Why had he said that he "would not question her again?" Had he a doubt—a suspicion? and if he had, by whom had they been implanted?

She turned back to her glass and finished her dressing, feeling in a fury—feeling how futile that fury was—how feeble! and for all the futility and feebleness of it, how much the reverse of womanly it was! Futile and feeble! does not every woman feeling her wrath to be such, at some time or other of her life, echo the Egyptian queen's craving for masculine stature: "Had I thy inches thou shouldest know there was a heart in Egypt?"

Some one had implanted a doubt and a suspicion in her husband's breast. There was a sting to her in that; but there was a sharper sting in the dread she had that Blanche had done it—Blanche, that cousin whom her husband had loved once, and on whom he called in secret now! She could not put on her bonnet to please herself as she thought of all this—as she realized her helplessness and took this truth home to her heart, that "being married" did not mean independent bliss by any means.

Blanche was at home when Mrs. Bathurst inquired; but Blanche was "very busy," she said, as she came forward into the room and held out her face to kiss her sister-in-law—"very busy finishing a little story that I have been asked to write for a new magazine," she continued, in explanation; "and I dare not be late with copy, you see, Trixy; they could do without me very well, and they would let me feel that fact if I were not prompt in supplying their demand."

"You never have time for morning visitors, have you?" Trixy replied.

"No, never. I really never have time to spare to them."

"Yet you sacrifice yourself sometimes to special friends and favorites?"

"Well, very rarely, Trixy. You're a special friend and favorite, and I am not going to sacrifice myself to you this morning, for instance. I am going to ask you to go and talk to Lionel, and to excuse me; I must write."

"Absurd affectation!" Mrs. Bathurst muttered to herself as Mrs. Lionel Talbot ushered her up to Lionel's studio; "the first writers of the day would not give themselves such airs about sparing a little time from their literary labors." After the manner of outsiders, she forgot that the first writers of the day can place their productions where and when they please, while those whose feet are still on the lowest round of the ladder are compelled to be actively grateful whenever an opportunity of serial publication is offered to them.

Lionel was putting the finishing strokes to a picture in which he had immortalized the (to him) surpassing beauty and charms of his wife in a subject that illustrated his idea of these words:

"Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces; to be thy defender
I hotly burn; to be a Calidore—
A very red-cross knight—a stout Leander,
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.
Light feet, dark-violet eyes, and parted hair,
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and heaving breast,
Are things on which the dazzled senses rest,
Till the fond fixed eyes forget they stare."

It was a lovely realization of Keats's glorious ideal, and Trixy felt more kindly toward Blanche as she stood gazing on these pictured charms.

"I believe you do desperately adore Blanche, Lionel," she said, after looking at it for a few moments.

"I should rather think I do," he replied; "Blanche can make any one adore her."

"Blanche might be contented with your admiration now, I should think," his sister said, quickly. Then the strong need that she felt for help and sympathy overcame all her little, unworthy, jealous dreads, and she exclaimed, "Tell me, Lal, was Frank here yesterday?"

"Yes," Lionel said, gravely, "he was here, Trixy. You are not unhappier for his having been here, and for what Blanche told him, are you?"

"What Blanche told him!—what do you mean?" Mrs. Bathurst asked, nervously. "Every body seems to have something to tell my husband. First Marian threatens me, and now Blanche—"

"Has rendered Marian's threat of no avail, happily," Mrs. Lionel Talbot interrupted, coming into the room, followed by Frank Bathurst; and then there was a little scene of explanation and reconciliation.

It appeared that Marian's secret respecting her sister's birth had become known to Mark Sutton also, and he had confided it to Blanche. The latter, for all her own press of work and "busy"-ness generally, had found time to see and regret that constant companionship between Mrs. Sutton and Mrs. Bathurst which was so offensive to Frank. Blanche understood her two sisters-in-law, and, understanding them, she felt assured that there was some other cause than congeniality at the bottom of the intimacy that was working ill for Trixy. After some talk with Frank, during which Trixy's uneasiness on the receipt of Marian's letter was mentioned, Mrs. Lionel Talbot came to the conclusion that Mrs. Sutton was exerting undue influence over her sister. Then Mark Sutton, remembering his old promise of being "her friend," should the chance of being one to her ever be offered to him, came and gave counsel to Blanche on the subject. "Poor Trixy has been weak," he said, "but she will never be happy till Frank knows all she does about herself. You see I can't speak to Frank myself without blaming Marian, and no man shall ever hear me blame my wife, Mrs. Talbot; but he ought to know it, indeed he ought; no good comes of a woman deceiving her husband in ever so small a thing."

"What would you have me do? I might be blamed for interfering."

"Risk that blame. You're a brave woman, and this stake of Beatrix's happiness is worth playing boldly for. Don't blame Marian to Bathurst more than you can help—will you?" he added, wistfully.

"No, I will not," Blanche had said, with tears in her eyes; "and we will set Trixy straight with Frank, and he shall feel that your share in it counterbalances Marian's evil counsel."

"Thank you," Mark Sutton said. "I can't bear any one to think hardly of Marian, though she doesn't care much for what I feel," he added, attempting to smile, and breaking down in the attempt.

So Blanche had written to Frank, and Frank had come at her request; and then she, being "brave enough to play boldly for the stake of Trixy's happiness," had told him the secret which had been so terrible to Beatrix. And he, quite satisfied with the strength and purity of the Bathurst family-tree, root and branch, had declined to be shocked, or sorry, or shamed by the announcement of his wife's right to the bar-sinister. "But the less Trixy sees of Mrs. Sutton the better, however hard my decision may seem to dear old Mark," he said, in conclusion.

So peace—perfect peace—was restored to the principal members of the family, whose fortunes I have traced through a period of adversity. After a while prosperity dawned on them again, for Edgar, though he did not make a fortune, made enough to repay Lionel the money he had lost for him, and so the days came sooner than Blanche had anticipated when they were neither "too busy nor too poor" to see their friends and fulfill social claims.

Their peace was marred in a measure by a step which Mrs. Sutton took. She eloped with Mr. Eldale, and explained her reasons for doing so in a cleverly-worded letter of attempted vindication to Beatrix. "My aspirations were baffled by my family when I was a girl," she wrote; "I was forced into an uncongenial marriage; I shall realize them when I regain my freedom through a divorce; then Arthur Eldale will marry me at once."

She regained her freedom, for Mark Sutton died of what doctors called "heart complaint" before the divorce could be procured. But the high stakes for which the pretty widow had played with wicked skill and daring she lost after all. Directly she became attainable she had ceased to be interesting to Mr. Eldale. Accordingly, he left the path of evil, at the bidding of a pretty girl of eighteen, who had called him "so charming" before he met with Mrs. Sutton, and who mentioned that he was "so wicked" now, as if it were an additional charm. He believed that it was her "youth and innocence" which made her utterly regardless of his well-known derelictions from respectability; and as he was happy in that belief, she did not undeceive him until after they were married.

THE END.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Dat may be," soliloquized Sambo; "but when dat man died *de Lord didn't owe him a red cent!*"

"Ah," said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it! Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year? and them's spring, fall, and autumn! I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl!"

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

HAIR-DRESSER. "Hair's very dry, Sir!"

CUSTOMER (*who knows what's coming*). "I like it dry."

HAIR-DRESSER (*after a while, again advancing to the attack*). "Head's very scurfy, Sir!"

CUSTOMER (*still cautiously retiring*). "Ya-as, I prefer it scurfy."

Assailant gives in defeated. Can not sell any hair-water this time.

THE SONG OF THE HORSE.

A poor old stage-horse, lank and thin,
Not much else than bones and skin,
I jog along, week out, week in,
Kicked, and cursed, and meanly fed,
Jammed in the side and jerked by the head—
And the thing I can't at all make out
Is, what on earth it's all about.

Why was I made to toil and tug
For this odd little human bug,
Two-legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft my ribs to batter—
Or why was *he* made, for that matter?
And, if I needs must be created,
Why is it that I was not fated
To prance and curvet, finely mated,
Silver harnessed, sleek and fat,
With groom and blanket, and all that?

Here I go, day after day,
Pounding and slipping down Broadway,
Dragging these curious biped things,
With fore-legs gone, and yet no wings—
Where they all go to I don't know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use Heaven puts them to!

It wasn't my fault, you see, at all,
That my joints grew big, and my muscles small,
And so I missed of a rich man's stall.
I'm clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow,
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know.
And his ribs can ache with the kick or blow,
As well as the glossiest nags that go.
O Lord, how long will they use me so?
And when may the equine spirit go
Where glorified horses stand in a row,
Switching their bright tails to and fro,
Careless of either wheel or whoa—
Where oats are always *apropos*,
And flies don't grow—
O no!
O!

A citizen of Nantucket sold a horse to a cavalry officer during the war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterward in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled.

"As how?" said the Nantucketer.

"Why there's no go in him, and yet you warranted him a good war-horse."

"Yes, I did; and by George, he is a good war-horse—he'd sooner die than run!"

THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.

A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife.
A plate of butter from the "cream of a joke."
The small coins in "the change of the moon."
The original brush used in painting "the signs of the times."
The latest contract with the "Trade Winds."
The chair in which the sun sets.
A garment for the naked eye.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.
Buckle to fasten a laughing-stock.
The animal that drew the inference.
Egg from a nest of thieves.
A bucket of water from "All's well."

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said: "You know, Doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of every thing mean and hateful coolly replied that he did not "see the least necessity for that."

THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES—Speech.

DON'T BE TOO ANXIOUS TO SOLVE A CONUNDRUM.—We know a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out "the difference between a man and woman fighting in the street."

When a person well replenishes a fire how does it feel?—Grateful (!).

A little four-year-old girl attended church in Bridgeport, Connecticut, recently, and upon returning home her mother asked her if she remembered the text. "Oh yes," said she, "it was this: The Ladies' Sewing Society will meet at Mrs. So-and-so's house on Monday next."

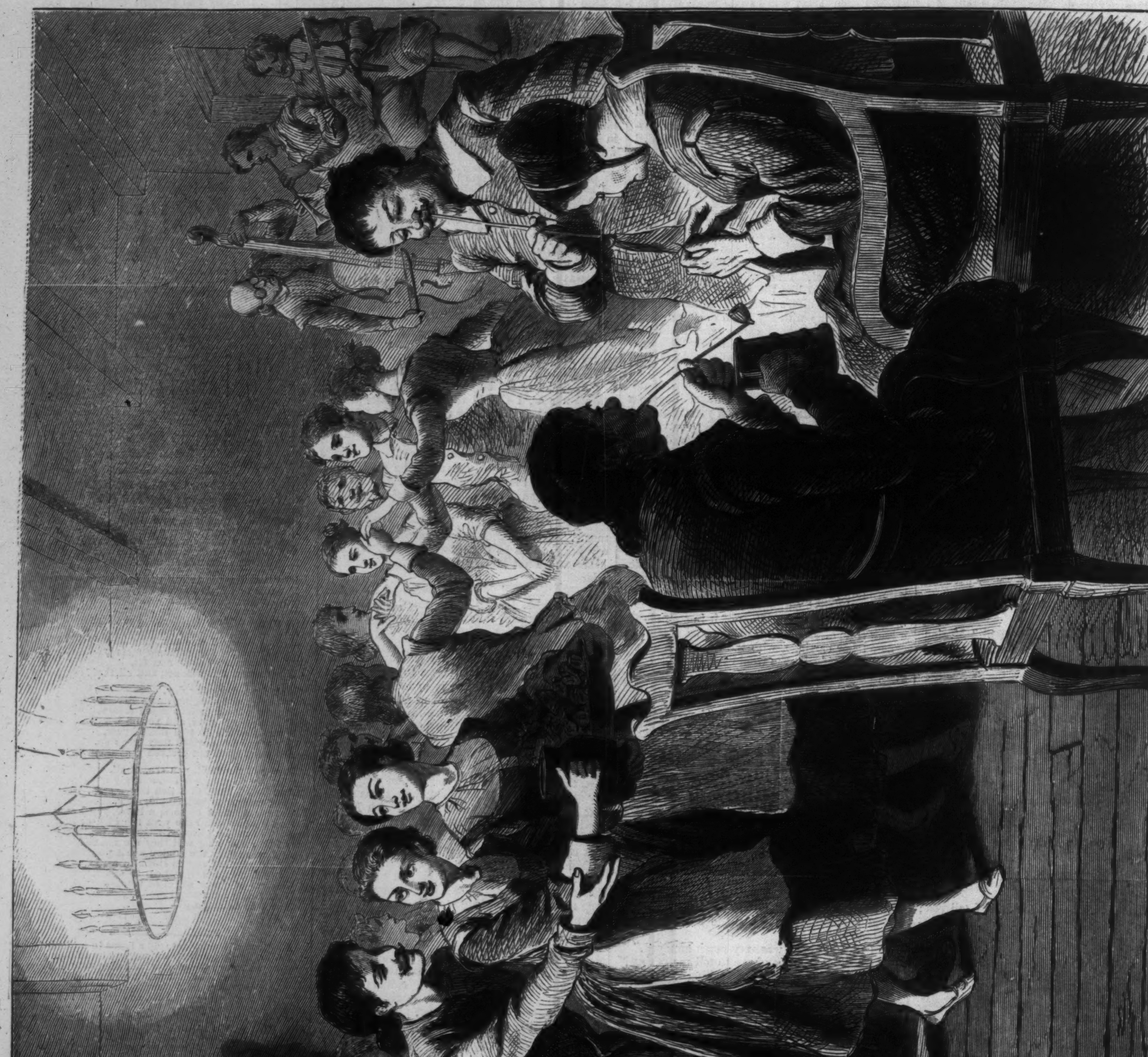
GIVE HIM HIS DUE.—It is altogether too absurd to say that "Man is not perfect"—who is there who has not met with many who were perfect strangers, some who were perfect rascals, and not a few who were perfect fools?

A HORSE (MARINE)—The Walrus.

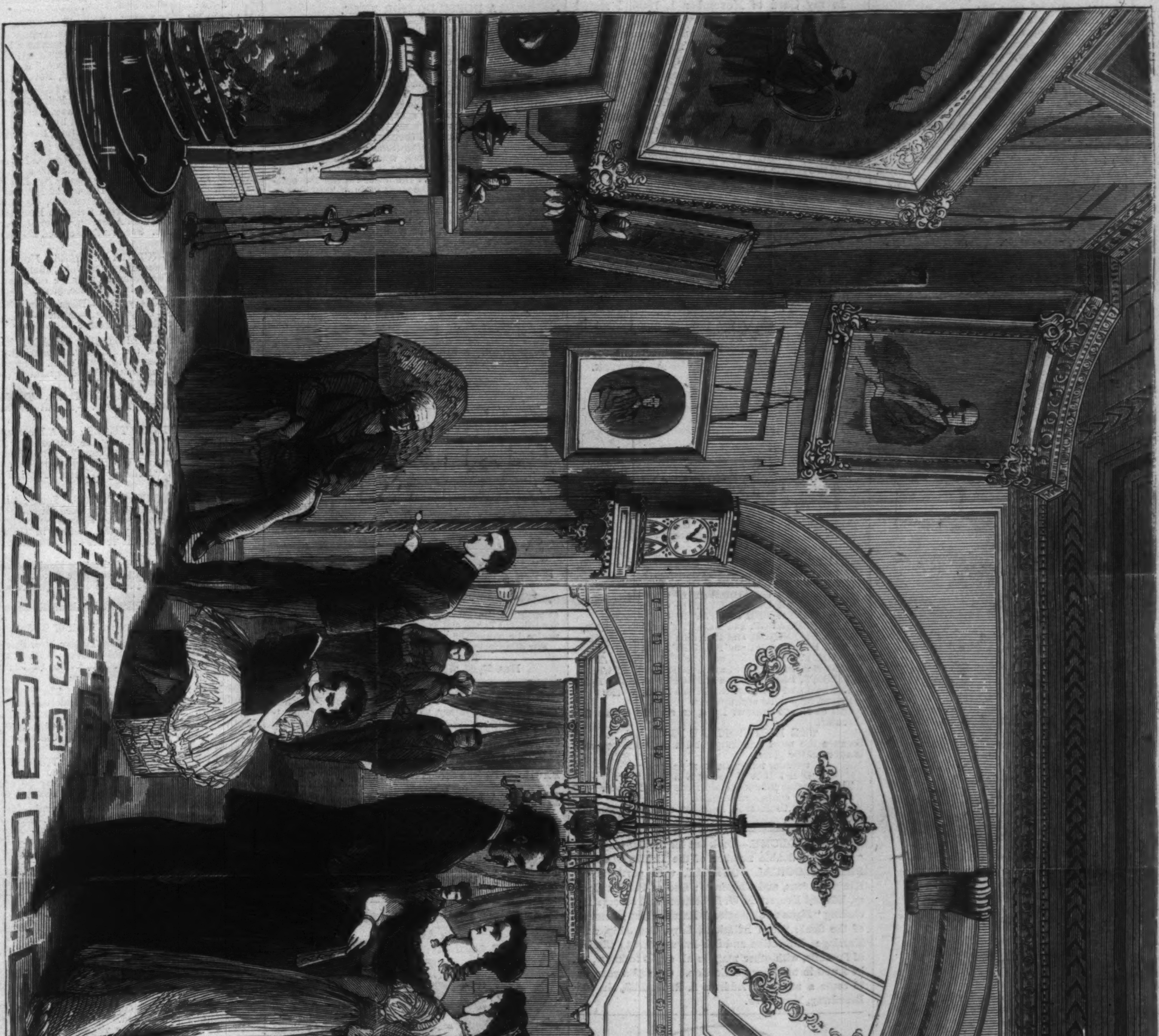
"Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above? The shining angel band replied, to us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's books can never enter heaven."

A United States Judge is credited with the authorship of the following joke. He was recently trying a case of alleged infringement of patent. A bran-dusting machine was brought into the court-room that the jurors might see it at work. The Judge looked at it a moment or two and then remarked: "I hope counsel will not be guilty of throwing dust in the eyes of the jury with that machine."

What resemblance is there between a fallen man and a fallen wave?—Both are crest-fallen.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY AMONG THE ANCIENT KNICKERBOCKERS.—Drawn by J. W. Ehninger.—[See First Page.]



NEW-YEAR'S DAY AMONG THE MODERN KNICKERBOCKERS.—[See First Page.]

BY COMMAND.

My king sat out on his castle wall,
And a royal command gave he;
"Come hither, come hither, ye people all,
And a fairy tale bring me,
For of grammar, and crammar, and orthodox hammer,
I have had quite enough," quoth he.

His majesty's kingdom is small as yet,
And his subjects are only two,
And it sometimes happens my liege will fret,
"Why, dear, I have only you!"
And in such sad case it becomes my place
The sovereign will to do.

So I peeled me a willow, so white, so white,
The wand that the fairies love;
And I gathered the meadow-sweet, soft and light,
And the fox's crimson glove,
And I made a couch for the first stray sprite
With the down of a silver dove.

Fairy, come home,
Fairy, come home,
Where hast thou wandered to?
Where dost thou roam?
Here is thy dwelling,
Here is thy place;
Fairy king, fairy king,
Show us thy face.

Three times round the meadow
The little song did go,
Then there came a peal of bells
Chiming soft and low.

"Coming, coming, coming,
No one need to wait,
Wearily beseeching,
At the fairy gate.
For the fairies, like the mortals,
Love to be loved,
And the fairy palace portals
Lightly are moved."

Then a rain of footsteps
Sounded on the sward,
And a page came kneeling—
"What wills my lord?"

"I will a tournament," said he,
"Where no one shall be killed,
Where all shall gain the victory,
And be supremely skilled."

Up rode a fairy paladin
With coat of beetles' mail,
Before the glistening green and gold
Sure any heart must quail.

"I see no foe," the king complained,
"But wait," the page implored,
And then the fairy paladin
Drew out a shining sword;

He cut and thrust all round about,
At neither sight nor sound,
Until a dastard knight they saw
Lie dead upon the ground.

"The pledge is broken," cried the king;
"Not so," the knight replied,
"It was my meaner self I slew,
I live, though it has died."

Again the paladin rode forth,
And this time seemed to seek
Some traitor that eluded him—
The little king must speak,
"Where is the foe, sir knight, on whom
You would your vengeance wreak?"

"It was a falsehood," said the knight,
"They uttered of my friend;
I tracked it down, and hunted it,
And thus its life doth end!"

Once more the paladin rode forth—
Beneath his horse's feet
There seemed to be an enemy
That he was loth to meet;
"Can you fear any thing, sir knight?"
His smile was sad and sweet.

"It was a cruel injury,
An unforgiven pain,
But there it lieth tranquilly,
It will not rise again."

Then lightly springs my little king,
And merrily he sings,
"I too will be a paladin,
And fight with evil things."

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